Thomas Baker

The Fine Lady's Airs

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THE FINE LADY'S AIRS

(1709)

INTRODUCTION

In the first decade of the eighteenth century, with comedy in train to be altered out of recognition to please the reformers and the ladies, one of the two talented writers who attempted to keep the comic muse alive in something like her "Restoration" form was Thomas Baker.[1] Of Baker's four plays which reached the stage, none has been reprinted since the eighteenth century and three exist only as originally published. Of these three the best is *The Fine Lady's Airs*; hence its selection for the *Reprints*.

Baker's career in the theatre was as successful as should have been expected by any young man who after his first play attempted to swim against rather than with the current of taste. His first effort, entitled *The Humour of the Age*, was produced at D.L. c. February 1701, and published March 22,[2] the author having then but reached his "Twenty First Year" (Dedication). It must have been well received, for Baker speaks of "the extraordinary Reception this Rough Draught met with." Indeed, it has in it, despite some "satire," a number of motifs which would recommend it to the audience. Railton, the antimatrimonialist and libertine of the piece, is given the wittiest lines, but his attempt to seduce Tremilia, a grave Quaker-clad beauty, is frowned on by everyone, including the author; and when the rake attempts to force the lady, Freeman, a man of sense, intervenes with sword drawn and gives him a stern lecture. In the end, when Tremilia, giving her hand to Freeman, turns out to be an heiress who had assumed the Quaker garb to make sure of getting a disinterested husband, the error of Railton's ways becomes apparent. At the same time his cast mistress, whom he had succeeded in marrying off to a ridiculous old Justice, is impressed by Tremilia's "great Example." "How conspicuous a thing is Virtue!" says she, in an aside; and she resolves to make the Justice a model wife. Despite much wit the play is thus, in its main drift, exemplary.

Baker followed with *Tunbridge-Walks: Or, The Yeoman of Kent*, D.L. Jan. 1703, a play good enough to pass into the repertory and to be revived many times in the course of the century. The variety of company and the holiday atmosphere of the English watering-place had inspired good comedies of intrigue, manners, and character eccentricities before this date (e.g. Shadwell's *Epsom Wells* and Rawlins' *Tunbridge-Wells*). Baker decorates his scene with such "humours" as Maiden, "a Nice Fellow that values himself upon all Effeminacies;" Squib, a bogus captain; Mrs. Goodfellow, "a Lady that loves her Bottle;" her niece Penelope, "an Heroic Trapes;" and Woodcock, the Yeoman, a rich, sharp, forthright, crusty old fellow with a pretty daughter, Belinda, whom he is determined never to marry but to a substantial farmer of her own class: her suitor, a clever ne'er-do-well named Reynard, of course tricks the old gentleman by an intrigue and a disguise. It is Reynard's sister Hillaria, however, "a Railing, Mimicking Lady" with no money and no admitted scruples, but enough beauty and wit to match when and with whom she chooses, who dominates the play; and though Loveworth, whom she finally permits to win her, is rather substantial than gay, she is gay enough for them both. The action, though somewhat farcical, has verve throughout, and the dialogue crackles. And, as regards the nature of comedy, Baker now knows where he stands. There is no character who could possibly be taken as an "example." On the contrary, whenever a pathetic or "exemplary" effect seems imminent Hillaria or Woodcock is always there to knock it on the head. Thus when Belinda goes into blank verse to lament the paternal tyranny which was threatening to separate her from Reynard,

What Noise and Discord sordid Interest breeds!
Oh! that I had shar'd a levell'd State of Life,
With quiet humble Maids, exempt from Pride,
And Thoughts of Worldly Dross that marr their Joys,
In Any Sphere, but a Distinguished Heiress,
To raise me Envy, and oppose my Love.
Fortune, Fortune, Why did you give me Wealth to make me wretched!

Hillaria comes in:

Belinda in Tears—Now has that old Rogue been Plaguing her—Poor Soul!…
Come, Child, Let's retire, and take a Chiriping Dram, Sorrow's dry; I'le divert you with the New Lampoon, 'tis a little Smutty; but what then; we Women love to read those things in private. *(Exeunt)*

Within a year Baker had another play ready—*An Act at Oxford*, with the scene laid in the university town and some of the characters Oxford types. Whether through objections by the University authorities or not (they would perhaps have thought themselves justified in bringing pressure, for Baker certainly does not treat his *alma mater* with great respect) the play in this form was not acted. Baker published it in 1704, in the Dedication referring to "the most perfect Enjoyment of Life, I found at Oxford" and disclaiming any intention to give offence, he then salvaged most of the play in a revision, *Hampstead Heath* (D.L. Oct. 1705), with the scene changed to Hampstead. It is as non-edifying as *Tunbridge-Walks*. The note is struck on the first page, when Captain Smart, who has been trying to read a new comedy entitled *Advice to All Parties*, flings it down with expressions of ennui; shortly thereafter Deputy Driver, a member of a Reforming Society, appears on the scene to be twitted because while pretending to reform the whole world he can't keep his own wife from gadding; and matters proceed with Smart's project to trick a skittish independence-loving heiress into keeping a compact she had made to marry him, and his friend Bloom's attempts at the cagey virtue of Mrs. Driver. The latter project comes to nothing, but both hunter and hunted find pleasure in the chase while it lasts. When Mrs. D. returns to the Deputy at the end, her motive for reassuming his yoke is a sound one—she's out of funds; and her advice to him, "If you'd check my Rambling, loose my Reins," is sound Wycherleyan sense. It must be admitted that when one compares the dialogue of *Hampstead Heath* with that of the *Act* some punches are shown to have been pulled in the revision.[4] While keeping the play comic Baker still did not wish to push the audience too far.

In December, 1708 he made his fourth and (as it proved) final try for fame and fortune in the theatre with *The fine Lady's Airs*, He claims that it was well received (see Dedication) and he had his third night, but D'Urfey,

whose enmity Baker had incurred, says (Pref. to *The Modern Prophets*) that the play was "hist," and *The British Apollo*, which carried on a feud with Baker in August and September of 1709, makes the same assertion in several places.[5] This, to be sure, is testimony from enemies. But obviously the play was far less liked than *Tunbridge-Walks* had been, and thus (to compare a small man with a great one) Baker's experience was something like Congreve's, when, after the great success of *Love for Love*, *The Way of the World* won only a tepid reception. And it is chiefly Congreve whom he takes for his model; the play is an attempt at a level of comedy higher than Baker had aimed at before. He does not always succeed: Congreve's kind of writing was not natural to Baker, and the lines sometimes labor. Still, the Bleinheim-Lady Rodomont duel has merit; and Sir Harry Sprightly (though of course he owes something to Farquhar's Wildair), Mrs. Lovejoy, and Major Bramble are all in Baker's best manner. On the whole it was a better play than the audience in 1708 deserved. Presumably Baker felt this, for he wrote no more for the stage.

Most of the account of Baker's life pulled together in the DNB article on him has a decidedly apocryphal ring to it. The statement (first made in *The Poetical Register*, 1719) that he was "Son of an Eminent Attorney of the City of London" sounds like something manufactured out of whole cloth by a compiler who in fact had no idea whose son Baker was. The *Biographia Dramatica* had "heard" that the effeminate Maiden in *Tunbridge-Walks*

> was absolutely, and without exaggeration, a portrait of the author's own former character, whose understanding having at length pointed out to him the folly he had so long been guilty-of, he reformed it altogether … and wrote this character, in order to … warn others from that rock of contempt, which he had himself for some time been wrecked on.

Nothing on its face more improbable than this could well be imagined. And that Baker could have "died … of that loathsome Distemper the *Morbus Pediculosus*" (sketch of him in *Scanderbeg*, 1747) does not sound likely, either.[6]

A lead to more solid information is furnished by the circumstance of Baker's having been educated at Oxford. We have seen (above) that he was barely twenty-one when *The Humour of the Age* was printed in March of 1701. A Thomas Baker, son of John Baker of Ledbury, Hereford, was entered at Brasenose College, Oxford, on March 18, 1697, aged seventeen.[7] The ages falling so pat, this must be our dramatist. Upon taking his B.A. at Christ Church in 1700 he must immediately have set to scribbling his first play (the Dedication says that it was "writ in two months last summer"). Perhaps at this time he lived in London in some such boarding-house as furnishes the scene for the play.

He may have been already studying law, for at least by 1709 (we cannot tell how much earlier) he was "by trade an Attorney."[8] It seems likely that various touches in the comedies reflect his training for this calling. In *The Humour of the Age*, Pun and Quibble, the principal fops, are a pair of articled law-clerks who detest green-bags and (it comes out at one point) are collaborating on a play. (Readers of the present reprint will note, also, that the money which Master Totty brings with him from the country is to recompense an attorney for training him in law). Perhaps Baker could never afford to study law as those well off did: there may be a tinge of sour grapes in the observation in *Tunbridge-Walks* that "since the Lawyers are all turn'd Poets, and have taken the Garrets in Drury Lane, none but Beaus live in the Temple now, who have sold all their Books, burnt all their Writings, and furnish'd the Rooms with Looking-glass and China." But this is light-hearted, as becomes a man who has not yet had a setback as a stage-poet. Two years later, after the stopping of *An Act at Oxford* had put him to much trouble, he is souring somewhat, for the poor Oxford scholar says in *Hampstead Heath* that no profession nowadays offers much prospect of success for a man trained as he, and, as for poetry, one can only expect to be "two years writing a Play, and sollicit three more to get it acted; and for present Sustenance one's forc'd to scribble *The Diverting Post*, *A Dialogue between Charing-Cross and Bow Steeple*, and Elegies upon People that are hang'd."

When in December 1708 *The Fine Lady's Airs* gained only a moderate success Baker must have thought of a living in the Church as a *pis aller*, for he enrolled at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, March 8, 1709, and

took an M.A. there the same year. In a final attempt to succeed with his pen he seems to have tried periodical journalism in the guise of "Mrs. Crackenthorpe" in *The Female Tatler. The British Apollo*, at least, pinned this on him. "The author poses as a woman," it says, in effect, "and some may thus be taken in,"

> But others will swear that this wise Undertaker
> By Trade's an At—ney, by Name is a B—r,
> Who rambles about with a Female Disguise on
> And lives upon Scandal, as Toads do on Poyson.[9]

Perhaps it was this which, taken quite literally, produced the *Biographia Dramatica's* canard as to Baker's effeminacy (see above).

After grinding out a greater or less amount of this hack-work,[10] Baker gave up trying to write. His disappearance from the scene thereafter is accounted for by his appointment (1711) to a living in Bedfordshire, where he was Rector of Bolnhurst till his death, and (1716-31) Vicar of Ravensden. As the Bolnhurst school was founded upon a bequest from him in 1749,[11] he presumably died in that year—but not, I should guess, of *morbus pediculosus*.

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PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. MOTTEUX.

So long the solitary Stage has mourn'd,
Sure now you're pleas'd to find our Sports return'd.
When Warriors come triumphant, all will smile,
And Love wirh Conquest crown the Toyls of Lille.
Tho from the Field of Glory you're no Starters,
Few love all Fighting, and no Winter-Quarters.
Chagrin French Generals cry, Gens temerare
Dare to take Lille! *We only take the Air.*
No, bravely, with the Pow'rs of Spain *and* France,
We will—Entrench; and stand—at a distance:
We'll starve 'em—if they please not to advance.
Long thus, in vain, were the Allies defy'd,
But 'twas ver cold by that damn'd River Side.
So as they came too late, and we were stronger,
Scorn the Poltrons, we cry'd—
March off; morbleu, _we'll stay for 'em no longer;
The little Monsieurs their Disgrace may own,
Now ev'n the Grand ones makes their Scandal known.

Mean while, without you half our Season's wasted.
Before 'tis_ Lent *sufficiently we've fasted.*
No matter how our Op'ra Folks did fare,
Too full a Stomach do's the Voice impair.
Nay, you your selves lost by't; for saunt'ring hither
You're safe from all but Love, four Hours together.
Some idle Sparks with dear damnd Stuff, call'd Wine,

Got drunk by Eight, and perhaps sows'd by Nine,
O'er Politicks and Smoke some rail'd some writ,
The Wiser yawn'd, or nodded o'er their Wit.
O'er Scandal, Tea, Cards, or dull am'rous Papers,
The Ladies had the Spleen, the Beaux the Vapors.
Some went among the Saints without Devotion;
Nay more, 'tis fear'd went thro' a wicked Motion.
But the kind Female Traders well may boast,
When we're shut up, their Doors are open'd most.

I dare engage, they, by the Vint'ners back'd,
Wou'd raise a Fund, so they alone might act.
With them 'tis ne'er Vacation, tho' we lose,
The Courts shut up, they Chamber Practice use.

Since therefore without Plays, tho' call'd a Curse,
The Good grow bad, the Bad grow worse and worse,
Show misled Zeal what Ills infest the Age,
And truly to reform, support the_ British *Stage*.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Sir *Harry Sprightly*. Mr.*Mills*.

Brigadier *Blenheim*, just return'd from the Army. Mr.*Wilks*

Mr. *Nicknack*, a Beau-Merchant. Mr.*Cibber*.

Major Bramble, a factious old Fellow. Mr.*Johnson.*

Master *Totty*, a great Boy. Mr.*Bullock*.

Knapsack, an Attendant on the *Collonel*. Mr.*Pinkethman*.

Shrimp, Sir Harry's Valet. Mr.*Norris*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Rodomont*. Mrs.*Oldfield*.

Lady *Toss-up*. Mrs.*Porter*.

Mrs. *Lovejoy*, Cousin to Lady *Rodomont*. Mrs.*Bradshaw*.

Mrs. *Flimsy*, Lady *Toss-up's* Woman. Mrs.*Saunders*.

Orange-Woman. Mr. *Pack*.

Mercer, Manto-Maker, Sempstress, Toyman, India-Woman, and other Attendants.

SCENE LONDON.

In the Month of *December*.

THE
Fine Lady's Airs:
OR, AN
EQUIPAGE of LOVERS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir Harry *discover'd dressing; and* Shrimp *attending*.

Sir *Har*. Where had you been last Night, you drunken Dog, that you cou'dn't take care of me when I was drunk.

Shr. I happen'd, Sir, to meet with some very honest Gentlemen, that have the Honour to wait upon other Gentlemen, where Wit and Humour brighten'd to that degree, we pass'd about the Glass, 'till we lost our Senses.

Sir *Har*. Wit, you Rascal! Have you Scoundrels the impudence to suppose your selves reasonable Creatures?

Shr. Sir, we are as much below Learning, indeed, as our Masters are above it; but why mayn't a Servant have as good natural Parts?

Sir *Har*. Mend your Manners, Sirrah; or you shall serve the Queen.

Shr. Ev'ry Man ought to mend his Manners, Sir, that pretends to a Place at Court; but the Queen's mightily oblig'd to some People.—Has a Gentleman an impudent rakish Footman, not meaning my self, Sir, that wears his Linen, fingers his Money, and lies with his Mistress;—You Dog, you shall serve the Queen.—Has a Tradesman a Fop Prentice, that airs out his Horses, and heats his Wife, or an old Puritan a graceless Son, that runs to the Play-House instead of the Meeting, they are threathen'd with the Queen's Service; so that Her Majesty's good Subjects, drink her Health, wish success to her Arms, and send her all the Scoundrels i'the Nation.

Sir *Har*. Fellows that han't sense to value a Civil Employment are necessary to front an Army, whose thick Sculls may repulse the first Fury of the Enemy's Cannon Bullets.

Shr. I hope, then, the *English* are so wise to let the *Dutch* march foremost. —But why, Sir, shou'd you Gentlemen ingross all the Pleasures o'Life, and not allow us poor Dogs to imitate you in our own Sphere;—You wear lac'd Coats; We lac'd Liv'ries;—You play at Picquet; We at All-Fours;—You get drunk with Burgundy; We with Geneva;—You pinck Holes with your Swords; We crack Sculls with our Sticks;—You are Gentlemen; We are hang'd.

Sir *Har*. A fine Relation; but, methinks, the latter Part of it might deter you from such Courses.

Shr. I'm a Predestinarian, Sir; which is an Argument of a great Soul, and will no more baulk a drunken Frolick, than I would a pretty Lady that takes a Fancy to me.

Sir *Har*. No more of your Impertinence; attend, I hear Company (Shrimp *goes to the Door*) Brigadier *Blenheim* return'd from the Army!

Enter Collonel, *and* Knapsack.

Sir *Har*. My noblest, dearest Collonel, let me imbrace you as a *Britain*, and as a Friend. *Ajax* ne'er boasted *English* Valour; *Ulysses* ne'er such Conduct; nor *Alexander* such Successes. The Queen rejoices; the Parliament vote you Thanks; and ev'ry honest Loyal Heart bounds at our General's Name.

Col. Ay, Sir *Harry*, to be thus receiv'd, rewards the Soldier's Toils; and, faith, we have maul'd the fancy *French-men*, near Twenty Thousand we left fast asleep, taught the remaining few a new Minuet-step, and sent 'em home to sing *Te Deum*.

Knap. Ay, Sir, and if they are not satisfied, next Campaign the *English* shall stand still, and laugh at their Endeavours; the *Dutch* Snigger-snee 'em; the *Scotch* Cook them; and the wild *Irish* eat 'em.

Col. Oh! The glorious Din of War; the Energy of a good Cause, and the Emulation of a brave Confederacy.—To sound the Charge; Make a vigorous Attack, the Enemy gives ground,—To pour on fresh Vollies of a sure Destruction, and return deafn'd with shouts o' Victory, and adorn'd with glitt'ring Standards of the vanquish'd Foe.

Knap. To hang up in *Westminster-Hall*, and make the Lawyers stare off their Briefs;—But the Harmony of sounding a Retreat,—to hug my self with two Arms, and walk substantially upon both my Pedestals, or the health of Mind in lying sick at *Amsterdam.*

Col. Ay, here's a sorry Rascal, that lags always behind, and is afraid to look Death i'the Face.

Knap. Why, really, Sir, 'tisn't manners to march before the *Colonel*; and upon a warm Engagement, I have heard you talk musically of good Conduct. Besides, that Mr. *Death* is but a Hatchet-face Beau, so lean, and wither'd like an old Dutchess, or a Doctor o' Physick, I had as live see the Devil.

Sir *Har*. But when the Lines are forc'd, the Enemy slain, and the Placs loaded with rich Plunder.—

Knap. None so nimble, none so valiant, none so expert as your very humble Servant *Nehemiah Knapsack*.

Col. But, who are the raigning Beauties o'the Age? What Favours will they grant a Soldier after a hard Campaign, fatiguing Marches, desp'rate Attempts, and narrow Escapes, to preserve them from Rapine, Violence, and Slav'ry, that they may laugh away the Day in gay Diversions, and pass the silent Night in silver Slumbers on their Downy Beds?

Sir *Har*. Just as many Favours as you have Money or *Mechlin* Lace to purchase: Women apprehend not the Danger of War, and therefore have no Notion of Gratitude.

Coll. Oh! The thoughts of scatt'ring small Shot among the sparkling Tribe, to feast my Senses upon dear Variety, have ev'ry Day a new dazling

Beauty, and ev'ry Hour to taste the Joys of Love.

Sir *Har*. Don't fancy, *Collonel*, because you have beat the *French* you must conquer all the Ladies; there are Women that dare resist you boldly, will exact your Courage beyond attacking a Fortress, and maintain a hotter Engagement.

Col. If you mean Women of the Town, some of 'em wou'd give a Man a warm Reception—Yet I long to be traversing the *Park*, ogling at the Play, peeping up at Windows, and ferreting the Warren o' *Covent-Garden*, till I seize on some skittish dapper Doxie, whose pretty black Eyes, dimpling Cheeks, heaving Breasts, and soft Caresses, wou'd melt a Man—for half a Guinea.

Knap. How I long too, to wheedle in with some Buxom Widow, that keeps a Victualling-House, to provide me with Meat, Drink, Washing and Lodging—to find out some delicious Chamber-Maid, that will pawn her best Mohair-Gown, sell even her Silver-Thimble, and rob her Mistress to shew how truly she loves me; or intrigue with some Heroick Sempstress, that will call me her *Artaxerxes*, her *Agamemnon*, and give me six new Shirts.

Sir *Har*. And now the tedious Summer is elaps'd, and Winter ushers in neglected Joys; Armies march home victorious from the Field, Ladies from Parks and Plains that mourn'd their absence; a Croud of Pleasures glut the varying Appetite, and Friends long absent meet with gayest Transports.

Col. Ay, Winter is the gay, the happy Season: I hate a Solitary Rural Life, as if one were at variance with the World; to walk with Arms a-cross, admire Nature's Works in Woods and Groves, talk to the Streams, and tell the Trees our Passion, while Eccho's make a Mock at all we say— Give me the shining Town, the glittering Theatres; there Nature best is seen in Beauteous Boxes, where Beaus transported with the Heavenly Sight, the little God sits pleas'd in ev'ry Eye, and Actors dart new Vigour from the Stage, supported By the Spirit of full Pay—But what great Fortunes buz about the Town; Red-Coats have carry'd off good store of Heiresses, and that's the sure, tho' not the sweetest Game; besides, Sir *Harry*, they talk of

Peace, and we that have nothing but the Sword to trust to, ought to provide against that dreadful Day.

Knap. Really, Sir, I have had some Thoughts of Marriage too; there's nothing like being settl'd, to have a House of one's own, and Attendants about one; besides, I'm the last Male, of a very ancient Family, and shou'd I die without Children, the *Knap-sacks* wou'd be quite extinct.

Sir *Har.* The Talk, the Pride, and Envy of the Town is Lady *Rodomont*, whose Wit surprizes, whose Beauty ravishes, and a clear Estate of Six thousand a Year distracts the admiring Train; but the Misfortune is, she has Travell'd, had Experience, well vers'd in Gallantries of various Courts; she admits Coquets, and rallies each Pretender, so resolutely fond of Liberty, she slights the most accomplish'd of Mankind, there *Collonel* is a Siege to prove a *Roman* or a *Grecian* Bravery.

Col. A *Roman* or a *Grecian*, say you, bold *Britains* laugh at all their baubling Fights; and had *Achilles*, with his batt'ring Rams, felt half the Fury of an *English* General, *Troy* had ne'er bully'd out a Ten Years Siege—but Ladies are more craftily subdu'd; you mustn't storm a Nymph with Sword and Pistol, pursue her as you wou'd a tatter'd *Frenchman*, push her Attendants into the *Danube*, then seize her, and clap her into a Coach—I'll baffle her at her own Argument, swear I'd not wed a *Phoenix* of her Sex, and laugh at Dress and Beauty, Wit and Fortune, when purchas'd only at the Price of Liberty—then sweeten her again with ogling Smiles, look Babies in her Eyes, and vow she's handsome; and when she thinks each artful Glance has caught me, that now's the time to Conquer, and to Laugh, and with malicious Cunning mentions Marriage, I'll start, and change, and beg her not to name it, for 'tis a Thought that rouses Madness in me, 'till out of Spight and Spleen, and Woman's Curiosity, the Knot's abruptly ty'd, to prove my feign'd Resolves, and boast her Power.

Sir *Har.* Tis well design'd, and may the Soldier animate the Lover: For my part, I'm so devoted to my Pleasures, and so strangely bigotted to a single Life, I have sold an Estate of Two thousand a Year, to buy an Annuity of Four: I love to Rake and Rattle thro' the Town, and each Amusement, as it happens, pleases. The Ladies call me Mad Sir *Harry*, a Careless, Affable, Obliging Fellow, whom, when they want, they send for. I wear good

Cloaths to 'Squire'em up and down; have Wit enough to Chat, and make'em Giggle, and Sense enough to keep their Favours secret—But from Romantick Love, Good Heav'n defend me. A Moment's Joy's not worth an Age's Courtship; and when the Nymph's Demure, and Dull and Shy, and Foolish and Freakish, and Fickle, there are Billiards at the *Smyrna*, Bowles at *Marybone*, and Dice at the *Groom-Porter*'s—Are you for the Noon-Park.

Col. With all my Heart.

Sir *Har.* There the *Beau-Monde* appear in all their Splendour—Here, *Shrimp*, [*Enters.*] entertain the *Collonel*'s Servant—An Hour hence you'll hear of us at *White*'s. [*Exeunt.*

Shr. Mr. *Knapsack*, are you for a Dish of *Bohee*: My Master has been just drinking, and the Water boils— [*Goes out, and returns with a Tea-Table.*

Knap. Not to incommode you about it, Mr. *Shrimp*.

Shr. Well, Mr. *Knapsack*, we brave *Britains* conquer all before us: Why you have done Wonders this Campaign.

Knap. Ay, Mr. *Shrimp*, the Name of an *English* General Thunder-strikes the *French*, as much as it invigorates the Allies; for when he comes, he cuts you off Ten or Twenty thousand, with the same Ease as a Countryman wou'd mow down an Acre of Corn; tho', after all, I was in some pain for our Forces, not being able to do 'em any personal Service; for you must know, Mr. *Shrimp*, I am mightily subject to Convulsions, and just before ev'ry Engagement I was unluckily seiz'd with so violent a Fit, they were forc'd to carry me back to the next wall'd Town.

Shr. Are you for much Sugar in your Tea, Sir?

Knap. As much as you please, Sir.

Shr. Have you made many Campaigns, Mr. *Knapsack*?

Knap. This was the first, Mr. *Shrimp*, and I'm not positive that I shall ever make another; for next Summer, I believe, some Business of moment will confine me to this Kingdom—Pray, Mr. *Shrimp*, why don't you exert your self in the Service; the Gentlemen of the Army wou'd be glad of so sprightly an Officer as you among 'em.

Shr. O dear, Mr. *Knapsack*, I'm of so unfortunate a Stature, they'd trample me under their Feet; besides, I have no Genius to Fighting; I cou'd like a Commission in a Beau-Regiment, that always stays at home, because a Scarlet-Lac'd-Suit, a Sash and Feather command Respect, keep off Creditors, and make the Ladies fly into our Arms.

Knap. Ay, Mr. *Shrimp*, I don't doubt but you have good store of Mistresses. Why you look a little thin upon the matter, ha!

Shr. No, no, Mr. *Knapsack*, I'm as moderate at that Sport, as any Man; I must own, when a pretty Lady comes betimes in a Morning to my Master, and he, poor Gentleman, is in a dead Sleep with hard Drinking, I do now and then take her into the next Room, play the Fool with her a little till my Master wakes, then give her a Dram of Surfeit-Water, and put her to Bed to him, now there's Safety in such an Amour, for my Master hasn't his Mistresses from a profess'd Baud; I have found him out a conscientious old Gentlewoman, that's one of the sober Party, and acquainted with most Citizens Daughters, that have as much Inclination to turn Whores as a Chamber-Maid out of Place, and the old Lady is so passionately fond of my Master, because he was once so charitable to do her the Favour, she sends him the choicest of all her Ware—but to pick up a dirty Drab in the Eighteen-penny-Gallery, with a rusty black Top-knot, a little Flower in her Hair, a turn'd Smock, and no Stockings, the Jade wou'd poyson you like Eighteen-penny-Wine.

Knap. I find, Mr. *Shrimp*, you Gentlemens Gentlemen have all your Cues.

Shr. Ah! Mr. *Knapsack*, there's more goes to the finishing of a true Valet, than tying a Wig smartly, or answering a Dun genteely. I have sometimes such weighty Matters warring in my Brains, and a greater Conflict with my self how I shall manage 'em, than a Merchant's Cash-keeper, that's run away with two thousand Pounds, and can't resolve whether he shall trust

the Government with it, or put it into the *East India* Company—I only wish it were my Fate to serve some Statesman in Business; for Pimping often tosses a Man into a Place of three hundred a Year, when Mony shall be refus'd, Merit repuls'd, and Relations thought impudent for pretending to't.—But, I believe, Mr. *Knapsack*, our Hour's elaps'd, for tho' our Masters may n't want us, we that are at Board-wages love to smell out where they dine.

Knap. The Motion, Mr. *Shrimp*, is admirable, for really the Tea begins to rake my Guts confoundedly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Changes to Lady* Rodomont's.

Enter Lady Rodomont, *and Mrs.* Lovejoy, *follow'd by a Servant.*

Ser. Madam, the Mercer, the Manto-Maker, the Sempstress, the India-Woman, and the Toy-Man attend your Ladiship without.

L. *Rod.* Admit 'em,—this Grandeur, Cozen, which those o' Quality assume above the Populace, to have obsequious Mechanicks wait our Levee in a Morning, is not disagreeable; then they are as constant as our Menials, and the less Mony one pays 'em, the more constantly they attend.

Mrs. *Lov.* Those Ladies, Madam, that want Mony to pay 'em, wou'd gladly excuse their Attendance.

L. *Rod.* Cozen, 'tis Ill-breeding to suppose People o' Quality want Mony, they have Business, Visits, Company, and very often are not in a Humour to part with it; when we have Mony, we are easie, whether we pay it or no; and 'tis affronting the Nobility, not to observe their Decorums.

The Trades-People Enter.

[*To the Mercer.*] Mr. *Farendine*, this Silk has so glaring a Mixture of preposterous Colours, I shall be taken for a North Country Bride; and so

very substantial, I believe you design'd it for my Heirs and Successours.

Mer. Madam, 'tis a very well wrought Silk.

L. *Rod.* So well wrought, it may serve one in a Family for twenty Generations.—Have you sold any Wedding Suits lately?

Mer. Yes, Madam, I sold a yellow and white Damask, lin'd with a Cherry and blew Sattin, and a Goslin green Petticoat to Mrs. *Winifred Widgeon* i'the Peak, that marry'd Squire *Hog* o' *Darby*,—'twas her Grandmother *Trott*'s Fancy.

L. *Rod.* Nay, those old Governants, that were Dames of Honour to Queen *Bess*, make their Daughters appear as monstrous in this Age, as they themselves did in that.—Well, Mr. *Farendine*, when you have any thing slight and pretty, let me see it. [*To the Manto-Maker*] Mrs. *Flounce*, this Sleeve is most abominably cut.

Mant. Mak. Madam, 'tis exacly the Shape of my Lady *Snipe's*, and she s allow'd to be the Pink o'the Mode.

L. *Rod.* My Lady *Snipe*, who ever heard of her?

Mrs. *Lov.* Oh! Madam, that's the over-dress'd Lady in *Fuller's Rents*, the first in *England*, that wore Flow'rs in her Hair; She has 5000_l._ indeed, but they say 'tis in bad Hands, and the Town has neglected her these ten Years.

L. *Rod.* And wou'd you have me appear like a Turn-stile Creature? why d'you work for such Trumpery? have you not Business enough from Court.

Mant. Mak. Truly, Madam, I'm glad to accept of a Gown from any Body; for the Ladies, now-a-days, are grown so saving, they make all their Petticoats themselves.

L. *Rod.* Don't you work into the City too?

Mant. Mak. Yes, Madam, I have eleven Gowns to finish against Sunday, for very good Customers, and very religious People.

L. *Rod.* Religious People! This Creature is so employ'd by the *Canaille*, I shall have my Cloths cut to pieces, dear Cozen, let *Buda* make me a Suit with Expedition, I'll present this to the Play-House.

Semp. Does your Ladyship like your Head, Madam?

L. *Rod.* The Lace, Mrs. *Taffety*, is so course and so heavy, I'm ready to sink beneath the weight of it.

Semp. Madam, 'tis right *Mechlin*, cost me Six Guineas a Yard, and I bought it too of a Merchant, that has smuggl'd many a hundred Pounds worth.

L. *Rod.* There you please me, English People are extremely fond of what's forbid, we commonly obey our Parents, and the Government much a-like; and tho' the State prohibits *Flanders* Lace, French Alamodes, and India Sattins, we have 'em all by the way of *Holland*.—These Ruffles too are so furiously starch'd, I shall throw People down as I move along.

Semp. The Ladies, Madam, love a stiff Ruffle, for shou'd the Wind blow it aside, your Ladyship's Elbow might catch cold, but I'll slacken my Hand i'the next.—Does your Ladyship want a very fine short Apron?

L. *Rod.* Women o' Quality, Mrs. *Taffety* have left 'em off, and those Ladies that do wear 'em, generally make 'em of their old Top-knots [*to the India Woman*] Mrs. *Japan*, you are a Stranger here, I hav'n't seen you since I paid off your last Bill,

Ind. Wom. Oh, Madam! I have been at Death's Door, the Hypocondriacks have so prey'd upon my Spirits, they have destroy'd my Constitution, such Rotations i'my Head, such an Oppression at my Stomach—but I ha' brought you a Pound of Bohee, so purifying, 'twill give your Ladyship a new Mass of Blood in a Quarter of an Hour.

L. *Rod.* Mrs. *Chince* has much better.

Ind. Wom. Then will I eat Mrs. *Chince*.—Shall I show you some fine India Pictures?

L. *Rod.* I hate those Shadows o' Men half finish'd.

Ind Wom. I must own the Substance of a Man well finish'd is much better, —but here's a Set o'*Japan* Cups will ravish your Ladyship, a Tradesman's Wife long'd, and miscarry'd about 'em.

L. *Rod.* I'm overstock'd with *China*, and they say 'tis grown so common. I intend to sacrifice mine to my Monkey.

Ind. Wom. Nay, pray, my Lady, buy somewhat of me, you know I'm in great Tribulation, I trusted a couple of Trollops, that were turn'd out of the Play-House, for having too much Assurance for the Stage, and set up a little Shop in *Spring Garden*; and the bold Jades are gone a stroling Fifty Pounds in my Debt. Besides, I have just now a lazy Trull of a Daughter, that run away with a Foot Soldier, return'd big with the Lord knows what, and that's no small Charge to me, that am forc'd to pad it about for a Livelihood.

L. *Rod.* Well, you may leave a Pound of Powder.

Ind. Wom. [*Aside.*] A Pound of Powder, pox o'your Generosity, these great Ladies are grown as stingy as if they paid one ready Mony, were it not for a City-bubble now and then, I might e'en go dance with the Dogs in *May-Fair*.

L. *Rod.* [*To the Toy-Man.*] Mr. *Gimcrack*, what new Fancies have you brought this Morning?

Toy-M. A Pair of nice *Genoa* Gloves for your Ladyship, curiously made up in a gilt Wallnut Shell.

L. *Rod* A Wallnut Shell! they can't be large enough.

Toy-M. Madam, I sold six Pair to my Lady *Strammell*, and her Arm's nine Inches Diameter.

L. *Rod.* What else have you?

Toy-M. A choice Comb for your Eye-brows, Madam, an acute Pair o' Pinchers for your Hair, and a most ingenious French Knife to slice the Powder of your Ladyship's Forehead, with Tongs, Shovels, Grates, and Fenders for your Ladyship's Tea-Table.

L. *Rod.* Well, carry the things in, let your Bills be deliver'd to the Steward, and I'll order some part of your Mony.

All. We humbly thank your Ladyship. [*Exeunt.*

L. *Rod.* Now, Cozen, we have dispatch'd these necessary Animals; pray, tell me how the Town relishes my Appearance.

Mrs. *Lov.* Your Ladyship's inimitable Graces, and our vast Successes abroad are the Topicks that furnish all Conversation; one Lady cries at the gilt Chariot, another swoons at the prancing Horses; and my old Lady *Lack-it*, swears you have so handsom a Set of Foot-men, the dreams of nothing else; then your Ladyship's Furniture is most surprizing, ev'ry thing was so admir'd, and handl'd last Visiting-day, the Ladies left little of it behind 'em.

L. *Rod. Bagatelle*! Ladies steal from one another, not for the Value of the thing, but to make an Alteration in their Closets.—But what do the Malitious say, am I envy'd, Cozen, I wou'd n't ha' the Fatigue of an Estate, unless I cou'd make the World uneasie about it.

Mrs. *Lov.* Oh! Spleen, Spleen, Madam, to the last Degree—my Lady *Testy* has tore fifty Fans about you, broke all her China, and beat her Foot-man's Eye out; she says, 'tis a burning Shame, you monopolize all the Fellows in the Town; and truly, there's a Statute against ingrossing.—My Lady *Prudence Maxim*, cries, *A fine Estate is a fine Thing, finely manag'd, but to overdo at first, to undo at last*. And Mrs. *Indigo*, the Merchant's Wife, says, *If you knew the getting on't, you wou'd n't spend it so fast*.

L. *Rod.* I have six thousand a Year, and resolve to live single, and enjoy it; I have made the Tour of *Italy* and *France*, have given my self the Accomplishment of both Sexes, and design to Visit, Game, Revel, dust the Park, haunt the Theatres, and out-flutter e'er a Fop i'the Nation; and I know

not why a Lady that has the best Estate i'the County shou'd n't represent 'em in Parliament.

Mrs. *Lov.* But launching out too far, Madam, may draw Reflections on your
Conduct, the English Ladies are more reserv'd than Foreigners.

L. *Rod.* The English Ladies! Shall a Corner of *Europe* teach me Decorums, that have travers'd the whole. The French Ladies admire my Gayety; the Italians are ravish'd with my Grandeur, and if the English Ladies do blame my Conduct, who values the Censure of a little Island.— Oh! what Transports do I feel, to provoke the Eyes and Whispers of the Multitude,— Whose Equipage is that—My Lady *Rodomont*'s?—Whose Visiting-day is it—My Lady *Rodomont*'s?—Who bespoke the Play to Night— My Lady *Rodomont*?—But when she's once marry'd—What "Gentlewoman's that with the great Belly—Sir *Marmaduke Mortgage*'s Wife, that's come to Town to buy Clouts, her Husband lost his Estate at Roly-poly.—She's mighty Big indeed, I'm afraid she'll ha' two. Unless one cou'd find out some Plant of a Husband, with Life and no Soul; a governable, drudging Creature, that wou'd love, honour and obey his Wife; and know so little of his own Prerogative, as to change his Name for her.

Mrs. *Lov.* Really, Madam, I'm o' your Opinion, I'd have Petticoat-Government pass thro' the Nation; the Ladies shou'd possess the Estates, and make their Husbands a Jointure.

L. *Rod.* While a Woman o' Fortune remains unmarry'd, she's a Petty-Queen; Lovers innumerable trace her Steps; each Coxcomb thinks to be the happy Man, and ev'ry were her Presence makes a Court—but when her Reason's once subdu'd by Love, and the fond, foolish Nymph resigns her Pow'r, she's but a meer *Appendix* to a Fellow.

No more her darling Liberty can boast,
Lovers no more her quondam *Beauties toast,*
But all her Pleasure, Pride and Charms are lost.

End of the First ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Park*.

Sir Harry_, and the_ Collonel.

Col. Never a loose Lady tripping through the *Park* to whet one's Appetite this Morning?

Sir *Har.* Fie, *Collonel*, refine your Tast;——A common Woman! I'd as soon dine at a common Ordinary: Give me a Woman of Condition, there's Pride as well as Pleasure in such an Amour.

Col. Your Women of Condition, Pox on em, are like Noblemen's Dinners, all Garniture and no Meat, then, the Ceremony of Approach and Retire, palls a Man's Inclination, 'till he grows indifferent i' the Matter;— Wou'd you Charm me, give me a ruddy Country Wench to riffe on the Grass, with no other resistance than,—What a Dickens, is the Man berwattl'd, you are an impudent, bold Rogue, and I'll call my Mother: Besides, the fear of Scandal makes your great Ladies preserve a foolish kind of Virtue, their Principles wou'd fain get rid of.

Sir *Har.* You are deceiv'd, *Collonel*, Women of Quality are above Reputation.—Is it my Lady *Tipple-dram*'s Modesty, or the effect of Ratifia, that gives her a high Colour in the Drawing-room?—Is my Lady *Sluggard*'s Religion question'd, that has never been at Church since her Baptism, or my Lady *Gamesom*'s Virtue suspected for admiring Collonel *Sturdy*'s Regiment; both Sexes of Rank, now, use what Liberty they please without censuring one another, and consequently despise the tattling of Inferiours.

Col. Ha! what pert Fellow's this, that whisks it along in a Silk-Drugget Suit, with the empty Air of a Fop Mercer, or a Judge's Train-bearer?

Sir *Har.* Oh! 'Tis young *Nicknack*, a Beau Merchant, his Father dy'd lately, and left him considerably in Money, he has been bred to business, with a Liberty of Pleasure, a little vain and affected as most young Fellows are; but his Foppery is rather pretty and diverting than tiresome and impertinent. For his Father obliging him still to live in the City, and follow Business, he has turn'd Commerce into a Jest, and calls himself, The Ladies Merchant; for he imports nothing but Squirrels, Lap-dogs and *Guinea piggs* to insnare the Women.

Enter Nicknack.

Nick. Dear Sir *Harry*, I have been twice round the *Park*, in search of you.

Sir *Har.* Mr. *Nicknack* pray know the *Collonel* here; an intimate Friend o'mine just arriv'd from *Flanders*.

Nick. Sir, I kiss your Hands, I am glad to find for the Ladies sake, as well as your own, you are not the least disabl'd I wou'd give Ten Guineas, *Collonel*, to see an Engagement, cou'd one be secure from a Cannon Bullet.

Col. Ten Guineas to see an Engagement; wou'd you make a show of Desolation, and have Men kill one another to divert your Spleen? What shou'd any one do i'the Field, that's afraid of a Cannon Bullet?

Nic. 'Tis not impossible, Sir, in a whole Army, to find a Person as little dispos'd to swallow a Cannon Bullet as my self; but I shou'd have this preference to him, as I wou'd avoid fighting, I wou'd ask no Pay.

Col. Ha! Wit out of *Cheapside*, I'm afraid City Credit's at a very low Ebb.

Nick. Your Pardon, *Collonel*.——Sir *Harry*, have you seen Lady *Rodomont* this Morning? I have News for her will make her Heart caper, as mine did at the Death of my Father. The *Bawble* Friggat, Captain *Gewgaw* Commander, is just arriv'd laden with Parrots, Parrotkeits, Monkeys,

Mamosets, Leopards, Lowries, *Muscovy*-Ducks, *German*-Geese, *Danish*-Dormice, *Portugal*-Pigs, *Hannover*-Hens, and all the Rarities imaginable.

Sir *Har*. You are a happy Man, Mr. *Nicknack*, that have such new ways to ingage the Ladies; if you succeed in your Addresses to Lady *Rodomont*, from your good Fortune, all the Beaus will turn Traders, and instead of Treats, Balls, and Serenades, we shall have Post Nights, Polices of Insurance, Factors, Agents, and Correspondents to import Niceties for their Mistresses.

Col. [*aside*] Ridiculous;——And d'you think a Lady of her Birth and Estate wou'd Marry a City Merchant.

Nick. A City Merchant, *Collonel*,——We have Creatures, indeed, that deal in Herrings from *Holland*, and Cod from *Newfoundland*; but there are degrees in Merchandizing as well as other Professions. An Officer o'the Guards is above a Captain o'the Train Bands; and, I hope, there's difference between a Gentleman that Trades to the *Indies*, and Merchant *Rag* that sends old Cloaths to *Jamaica*; but why, *Collonel*, shou'd the City be so much despis'd, that has so near an affinity to the Court; we have sense to distinguish Men and Manners, Breeding to pay a Valiant Prince homage, that ev'ry Year triumphs for his Country, and generosity to entertain him, where many a hungry Courtier has been glad to sneak in for a Dinner.

Col. [*aside*] The Fellow talks Reason, i'faith;—but prithee, Mr. *Nicknack*, what Business can a Merchant have at this end o'the Town; for a Man that's bred up in a Counting-House to pretend to Airs and Graces, is as monstrously ridiculous, as a Play-House Orange-Wench with a Gold Watch by her side.

Nick. Pardon me there *Collonel*; are Pleasure and Business inconsistent, must ev'ry Citizen be a Drone, that crawls among Furr Gowns, or a Cuckold that's preferr'd by the Common-Hall; pray tell me, what difference is there between a Merchant of a good Education, and a Gentleman of Two Thousand Pounds a Year, only one has Threescore Thousand Pounds clear in his Pocket, and t'other an Estate that's mortgag'd to Threescore People; I have a House in *Billiter-Lane*, the Air's as good as

Pickadilly. *Cornish* makes my Cloaths, *Chevalier* my Periwigs, I'm courted ev'ry Day to subscribe for singing Opera's, and have had Fifteen Actresses at my Levee, with their Benefit-Tickets.

Sir *Har.* But, methinks, Mr. *Nicknack*; you that have so plentiful a Fortune, shou'd leave off Business, and reside wholly amongst Men of Figure and Estates.

Nick. My Commerce, Sir *Harry*, is but in Impertinences without the least prospect of Gain; for the old Gentleman, when with great Industry, he had imported an Estate of Fifty Thousand Pounds, with greater Civility exported himself into the next World and left me all. Besides, Merchandize is but a sort of Gaming, and if I like it better than Hazard or Basset, why should any Man quarrel with my Genius; but, Gentlemen, your Servant. I must find out Lady *Rodomont*; for I have ingros'd the whole Ship's Cargo to my self, as my Father us'd to do Raw-Silk, and design her the first choice of ev'ry Thing. [*Exit*.

Col. But what crabbed Don's this with the knavish Look of an old plodding Conveyancer, whose Face and Profession are enough to raise the Devil.

Sir *Har.* 'Tis Major *Bramble*, a factious, seditious old Rogue, that's neither Whig, nor Tory, but an Enemy to his own Country; he hates the Government, because the Government don't like him; repines at all our Successes; and his Bosom Friends are Minters, Owlers, Pettifoggers, Nonjurors that won't swear to the Government, and *Irish* Evidences that will swear to any thing.

Enter Major Bramble.

Heav'n guard the Court!—What cursed Plot's now hatching, that brings the grumbling *Major* to the *Park*?

Bram. The Government, Sir *Harry*, will ne'er suspect my policy at plotting, when I have no more sense than to trust a Wit with it; but the Company I keep, may with wondrous ease form a Plot past your finding out.

Sir *Har.* What, cowardly Bullies, tatter'd Gam'sters, and Fellows that have been twice transported, poor, unhappy scoundrels that disturb the Nation to please you rich Male-Contents, and are hang'd for their reward.

Bram. Those Gentlemen, Sir *Harry*, you're pleas'd to term scoundrels, I honour; he that takes sanctuary in the *Fleet*, has an immediate place in my Heart; the Heroes of the *Mint* are a formidable Body, magnanimously sowse ev'ry Fellow in a Ditch that dares to infringe their Liberties; he that's committed to *Newgate* is in a fair way to Immortality;—He that stands in the Pillory is exalted to a very high Station; the Observator is my very good Friend; and he that writes the Review a Person of a most incomparable Assurance.

Col. But where's the Satisfaction of admiring what's Rascally?

Bram. You're mistaken, Sir, Virtue's oppress'd; these are the only Men of worth i'the Nation, and since the World's compos'd chiefly of Knaves and Hypocrites, it behoves ev'ry honest Fellow to over-reach the World; therefore he that runs away from his Creditors is a Man of admirable Principles, and his Creditors are very great Rogues.

Col. But why d'you hate the Government, *Major*, what harm has that done you.

Bram. Why, Sir, I was formerly in a very good Office, was turn'd out for Bribery, and have had none giv'n me since, therefore while the Government takes no notice of me, I'll take no notice of the Government.

Sir *Har.* You are a Person, *Major*, the Government ought to take notice of, I assure you—And d'you think a Man of your Character and Conversation qualify'd for a publick Post.

Bram. Certainly, Sir *Harry*, who makes a better Soldier than a Midnight-Scourer; who proves a sharper Judge than a Serjeant that takes Fees on both sides; or who thumps the Cushion better than he that has thumpt all the Wives i'the Parish; therefore that am acquainted with all you call Rogues i'the Kingdom, think my self notably qualify'd for a *Custom-House-Officer*—but whether the Government employs us, or not, my

Companions are the happiest People i'the World; we meet ev'ry Day at a House within the Rules of the *Fleet*, where we have fat Venison, that's Stole out of *Windsor-Park*; *French* Wine, that's Run i'the *Wild o' Kent*; drink Confusion to our Arms, and talk Treason, till the Vintner crys, *Huzza, Drawer bring in my Bottle*. And there are of our Club, Four Broken-Officers, Six Suborning-Attorneys, a Disaffected-Cobler, Two Highway-Men, and Eleven *Jacobite*, Outlaw'd-Parsons.

Sir *Har.* If you are such an Enemy to your native Country, why don't you course the World, and please your self.

Bram. Thank you, Sir *Harry*, but tho' things don't go as I'd have them, of all Countries, I like *England* the best, for 'tis the only Kingdom in the World that suffers Faction; where one may write Libels, affront the Ministry, deride the Laws, and set the whole Nation together by the Ears—but whilst I am idle, mighty Matters are at a stand; in short, my Business here is to make my Addresses to Lady *Rodomont*, who having lately seen *Italy* and *France*, like a true Woman, is return'd with a most horrid Contempt of her own Country, and may like my Principles better than the flutt'ring Airs of you Town-Sparks—afterwards, Gentlemen, I shall be proud of both your Companies to dine in the *Press-Yard*, in *Newgate*, with sev'ral very ingenious Persons, that coin better than they do i'the *Tower*. [*Exit*.

Col. So, Lady *Rodomont*'s the Cry—How Divine a Creature is a Woman that has Six thousand a Year; the Town's quite mad after her.

Sir *Har*. And such an Estate's enough to make her mad; Women are too sanguine for such mighty Fortune; Ten thousand Pounds touches a Lady's Brain, but when they prove great Heiresses, they're—

Col. Oh! stark Staring, Raving! and we ought to have the Custody of em.

Sir *Har*. Let's move towards the Court, *Collonel*, where we shall meet her sailing down the *Mall*, and the Fops after her, with all the Pride of a First-Rate Man of War, that's convoying a few petty Merchant-Ships to the *West-Indies*.

Enter Shrimp *with a Letter*.

Sir *Har*. [reads.] *By the next return of the Waggon you will receive Master* Totty, _who was nineteen Years last Grass, with a Box of _Shrewsbury-Cakes, *and a Simnel: His Grand-Mother desires you will put him Clerk to some honest Attorney, if it be possible to find one, and the Child be fit for it, or to what else the Child shall be fit for; but if you find him fit for nothing, that you'll return him with great Care to his Grand-Mother again. He is free from ev'ry Vice, having always lain with his Grand-Mother, gone no where but to visit old Ladies with his Grand-Mother, and has never been out of his Grand-Mother's sight, since he was six Weeks old*—What a Pox do the Women send me their Fool to educate, they may as well send me their Heads to dress; but I shall leave him to my Servant; a Town Valet's Tutor and Companion good enough for a Country 'Squire—*Shrimp*, go to the *Saracen's-Head-Inn*, enquire for Master *Totty*, a Man-Child, of nineteen Years of Age, and carry him to my Lodgings. [*Exeunt*.

Enter Lady Toss-up, *and Mrs*. Flimsy.

La. *Toss*. Lord, *Flimsy*! was there ever an Assurance like my Lady *Rodomont*'s, to engross all the Fellows to her self.

Flim. For that matter, Madam, I cou'd dispence with 'em all, and as many more; but a Lady that declares against Marriage, to suffer such a Train of *Beaus*, shews her self superlatively Vain-glorious.

La. *Toss*. A vertuous Woman, that declares against Marriage, may as well declare against Eating and Drinking; all Women have Inclinations to Love; besides, *Flimsy*, Marriage is an Ordinance, and to declare against it, I take to be a very wicked thing; but if she has made a Vow of Chastity, she might release her Admirers to those Ladies that are willing the World shou'd continue peopl'd. My Lady *Love-gang* swears she'll go live in *Scotland* about it; my Lady *Dandler* lays it so to Heart, I'm afraid she'll be silly; for my part, I bear it—not so patiently as Folks think.

Flim. They say, Madam, she has depriv'd you of some particular Lovers; I'd arrest her for 'em.

La. *Toss*. Sir *Harry Sprightly* I have danc'd with; Brigadier *Blenheim* too has handed me out of the Box, but when Lady *Rodomont* arriv'd, they both flew from me like a parcel of Fortune-hunters from a reputed City-Heiress, when her Father breaks, and can give her nothing.

Flim. Here she comes, surrounded with *Beaus*, and I warrant, thinks her self as good as the Queen; if I were the Queen, I'd have her taken up for thinking so. Pray Madam affront her.

> *Enter Lady* Rodomont, *and Mrs*. Lovejoy, *follow'd by Sir* Harry, *Collonel* Blenheim, *Mr*. Nicknack, *Major* Bramble, *several Fops and Footmen*.

La. *Rod*. Dear *Messieurs*! give me Breath: Not but a Croud of Beaus are very acceptable; but to press upon one too hard, is like a new Monarch just seated on the Throne, that's stifl'd with Court Cringes—Don't you think, Sir *Harry*, the *Italians* that approach us at more distance, show greater Veneration and Respect.

Sir *Har*. Ladies in their High-Noon of labour'd Garniture,
Are pleas'd, when we admire 'em like the Sun,
Whom none directly looks at,
But in the Ev'ning, as the Sun goes down,
They're better pleas'd we shou'd approach 'em nearer.

La. *Rod*. O you malicious Creature! That Censure's from the Freedoms of the *French*: A Traveller shou'd humour Countries, Customs; in *Spain*, a modest Woman hides her Face; in *France* we shift our selves before our Valets; nay, shou'd much greater Freedoms there be practis'd, none but an *English* Clown suspects our Vertue—*Collonel*, you're welcome to *England*; you have distinguish'd your self nobly this Campaign; I hear at *Audenard* you acted Wonders.

Col. Madam, When Kings command their Subjects to the Field,
The Swords our Calling, and we fight for pay,
And lengthen out a War to raise Estates;
But when a Queen, whose matchless Virtue fires us,
And whose obliging Goodness courts our Valour,

We march with Pride, and unresisted Force,
To spread the Empire of so bright a Mistress.

La. *Rod.* I find, *Collonel*, an *English* Officer may be perfectly well-bred, but I attribute it to your success in War; you have taken most of the *French* Officers Prisoners, whose Conversation has refin'd your Manners.

Col. 'Tis granted, Madam, their Conversation's wondrous *Degaugée*—we'll take 'em to refine us ev'ry Year.

La. *Rod.* Sir *Harry*, what Diversions are a-foot; but *England* is so phlegmatick a Climate, no Carnivals, nor Midnight-Masquerades, but Two and fifty Days lost ev'ry Year for want of Balls and Operas on a *Sunday*.

Sir *Har.* Our Nation, Madam's so far gone in Parties,
That Faction's even carry'd to Diversions,
One Party strives for Sense, and t'other Sound;
The *Major* here, I think opposes both.

Bram. So I do—What signifies a Comedy of Fools; han't we the Courts of *Westminster* to divert us; and your Tragedies, where Kings and Emperors are murder'd; in a quarter of an Hour after they are at *Buxton's* Coffee-House, playing at *All-Fours*; then your Singing-Op'ras, I hate your *Italian* Squaling, like a Woman in Labour; and 'fore-gad, Madam, 'tis a most miraculous thing to me, that a Lady of your Experience, who has travers'd the World, and ought to know Nature in a wonderful Perfection, shou'd admire an Eunuch.

La. *Rod.* You shou'd have liv'd in former Ages, *Major*, when odious Tilts and Tournaments were in Vogue; our Pleasures are too curious for your Taste, I fancy the *Bear-Garden* suits your Genius mightily.

Bram. Ay, Madam, there's Celestial Sport and Pastime; the Musick of the Dogs, the Harmony o' the Butchers, to see, a Mastiff tear a Bull by the Throat, the Bull once wounded, goring o'er the Ground, cants a fat Woman higher than the *Monument*—I love Reality in my Diversions; but at a *Play-House* I never laugh'd but once, and that was at a most agreeable Noise the Footmen made in the Upper-Gall'ry.

La. *Rod.* Savage Creature!

Nick. Your brutish Temper, *Major*, wou'd make one fancy you were born in *Greenland*, and suckl'd by a *Wolf*.

Bram. Better be suckl'd in *Greenland* than in *Essex*; a *Wolf's* a nobler Creature than a *Calf*; for now young Fellows are so nicely bred, so fondl'd, and so furbelow'd with Follies, they scarce retain the Species of a Man; for my part, I have Magick in my Looks, I have frighted a High-Priest into Quakerism; converted a *Jew* to no Religion at all, and possess'd Squire *Lacy* with a Spirit of Prophetick Lying; I can turn a Justice of Peace into a *Jack-Daw*, a Citizen into any tame kind of Beast, and an old fadling Judge into a fidgetting Dry-Nurse—But I find, Madam, you are got into a Beau-Chat, where my rough Language is as disagreeable, as martial Musick at *White*'s Chocolate-House; tho', were I a Lady of a great Estate, I'd show as great Sagacity in despising the Fops, and think my Fortune prodigiously repaid in the Affections of so renown'd a Person as *Major-Bramble*. [*Exit*.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

La. *Rod.* Oh Mr. *Nicknack*! I hear the *Bauble-Frigot*'s in the River,
I'm on Tip-toes to see what's imported: Are the Catalogues out yet?

Nick. Your Ladyship is set down for the whole Cargo, to select where you please, tho' the Ladies teize me as much for new Fancies, as your good for nothing Actresses do a Poet for Parts, at the disposal of a new Comedy; and I protest Madam, I find it as difficult to get Goods fast enough, as a Woman that Lies in ev'ry Year does to get God-fathers.

La. *Rod*. Pray, Mr. *Nicknack*, what Demands have the Ladies made on you.

Nick My Lady *Swine-love* has bespoke a Dozen of *Bermudas* Pigs; my Lady *Noisy* a screaming Parrot; my Lady *Squelch* a *Dutch* Mastiff; my Lady *Hoyden-tail* a Cat o' Mountain; Mrs. *Tireman* a large Baboon, and Mrs. *Lick-it* an *Italian* Greyhound.

La. *Rod*. You have an infallible Snare for our Sex; but I wonder, Mr. *Nicknack*, how so refin'd a Merchant as you, can endure the smoaky

Coffee-Houses, and the dirty *Exchange*.

Nick. Madam, I use *Robin's*, as nice a Coffee-House as *Tom's*, where no Smoaking's allow'd, but a little *Betony* or *Colt's-foot* to a few Hundred thousand Pound Men; as for the *Change*, I must own, *Dutch*-Shapes, and *Jew*-Faces are not so agreeable to look at, as the Beauties at *Hampton-Court*; and I wonder the better sort of Merchants don't walk above Stairs, that in a dead time o' Business, when we have little to employ our Thoughts, we may divert our Opticks with the pretty Sempstresses.

Sir *Har*. When Business is at an ebb, what occasion have you to be there.

Nick. Only the Hopes of bubling you Beau-Baronets, that come thither to show your Equipage, and laugh at Men of Business, where we invite you to Dinner at *Pontack's*, drink heartily about, and then draw you in for a thousand Guineas on some publick Wager,—Tho' really the greatest Misfortune that attends a Merchant is an indispensable Necessity of being ev'ry Day at Change; for shou'd the least Ill-news happen, and a Merchant absent, whip, they protest his Bills, report he's in *Holland*, when, poor Soul, he's gone no farther than to the *Saturday's* Club at *Black-heath* Bowling-Green.

L. *Rod*. I think you have Travell'd tho', Mr. *Nicknack*.

Nick. To *Leghorne* and *Smirna*, Madam, instead of *France* and *Italy*, where I had like to have had a Scimiter in my Guts, by an impotent old Turk, that spy'd me glancing at his Wife, when he had a hundred and fifty besides, and was past the use of one of 'em.

Col. Were you never at *Virginia* and *Barbadoes*?

Nick. *Virginia* and *Barbadoes*, Collonel, I never did any thing to deserve Transportation; perhaps, when the War's over, some of your Livery that have been us'd to Plundering abroad, and can't leave it off here, may after a Ride or two to *Finchly Common* have occasion to visit the Plantations. I own I have Correspondents at *Barbadoes*, now and then, to import a little Citron Water for Ladies that have a Coldness at their Stomach, and a Parcel of *Oroonoko* Tobacco, to oblige some West Country Countesses.

L. *Rod*. Is not that my Lady *Toss-up?* I shou'd hardly have known her, but by her down-right English Air—why no body minds her—Sir *Harry*, give the Lady a Pinch of sweet Snuff.—[*Aside*.] She's horridly concern'd at my Attractions, yet too proud to shew it, and looks as disconsolately gay, as a Maid of Thirty at the Wedding of her youngest Sister; how I love to mortify these Creatures.

L. *Toss*. [*Advancing to Lady* Rodomont] I find, Madam, by your Ladyship's
Appearance and Conversation you have been a very great Traveller.

L. *Rod*. By your Ladyship's Appearance, I find you're a very great Stranger both to Conversation, and your own Country.

L. *Toss*. Is Travel, Madam, essential to a Lady's Education, or does it only serve to heigthen her Assurance?

L. *Rot*. Some Ladies, Madam, are so plentifully stock'd by Nature, they want neither Art nor Travel to improve it.

L. *Toss*. Tis much then your Ladyship shou'd encourage Art or Travel, where Nature has bestow'd the largest Share, but I wonder not a Lady shou'd be so studious to accomplish her self who so fondly permits a Crowd of Followers.

L. *Rod*. A Lady, Madam, is seldom concern'd at another's Followers, but when she laments the loss of 'em her self, and if the Fops that flutter about me, give you any Disorder, I can easily resign 'em to your Ladyship.

L. *Toss*. By no means, Madam, that wou'd be to rob your Ladyship's Cozen, there, who is equally entitul'd to your Cast off Lovers, and your old Cloths.

Mrs. *Lov*. Her Ladyship's Cozen, Madam, wou'd no more accept of any Lady's old Cloths, than of your Ladyship's Face.

L. *Toss*. Nay, Madam, if her Ladyship's a'ground, your Face may put both Sexes out o'Countenance. [*Exeunt Lady* Toss-up, *and Mrs*. Flimsy.

L. Rod. *Tho' minor Beauties at a* Venus *rave,*
Spight her the more, the more her Charms inslave;
As 'mongst the Stars the Moon maintains her Place,
She Bridles in her Air, and Triumphs in her Face.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Lovejoy.

Mrs. *Lov*. Here do I follow and caress my Lady, in hopes to steal a Spark 'mongst her Admirers; I have five hundred Pounds in the fourteen *per Cent*, a Gentlewoman's Fortune in past Ages, but now 'twon't buy a Haberdasher of small Ware. Sir *Harry* offers me a genteel Settlement; Time was, when a kept Madam elbow'd the whole Drawing-Room; but now we have a virtuous Court agen, a Lord's Mistress is almost as despicable as a Citizen's Wife.—Suppose I trick the Collonel into Marriage—To bridle at a Review in *Hyde-Park*, have rich Plunder brought me from *Flanders*, and boast in Company how much my Husband ballances the Pow'r of *Europe*; but then comes Peace, and Half-pay, and the Brigadier's Lady must condescend to dress Heads, make Mantoes, or vainly feed her Pride, by personating what she really was on the most renown'd *Drury-Lane Theatre*.—Suppose I rail at the Government, and so trap the rich Major; but then he's trapt in a Plot, some poor Lord begs his Estate, and I'm to live upon the mighty Comfort of having it again when the Pretender comes—Or what if I wheedle in with Mr. *Nick-nack*—To have a fine House in *Billiter-Lane*, prodigious great Dinners, and ready Cash for Play. And, faith, now-a-days, a rich Merchant's Wife keeps as late Hours, Games as high, and makes as bulky a Figure as e'er a Dutchess in the two united Kingdoms.

Enter Sir Harry.

Sir *Har*. How kind this was, my dear, pretty Mrs. *Lovejoy*, to leave so much good Company to meet me here alone.

Mrs. *Lov*. How kind you are to your self Sir *Harry*, in harbouring so ridiculous a Notion.

Sir *Har*. Are you resolv'd then, Madam, to let this gay, this proper well-set Person o' mine pine away like a green Sickness Girl, when I have so generously offer'd you two hundred Pound a Year, only to be a little whimsical with you.

Mrs. *Lov*. Two hundred a year! wou'd you make a Whore of me Sir *Harry*?

Sir *Har*. A Whore! have a care, Child, who you reflect upon, a Lady of two hundred a Year, a Whore; Whores are Creatures that wear Pattens and Straw-hats. I'd fain hear any body call a kept Mistress, Whore, while there's Law to be had, if I were she, I'd make 'em severely pay for't.

Mrs. *Lov*. But pray, Sir *Harry*, where's the Difference between a common Woman, and one that's kept; they have equally lost their Reputation, and no body of any Character will visit 'em.

Sir *Har*. Visit 'em! Ladies of different Orders shou'd converse amongst themselves, I know a Set of kept Mistresses that visit one another with all the Ceremony of Countesses, take place of one another according to the Degree of their Keepers, are call'd to one another's Labours, and live in perfect Sister-hood like the *Grand Seignor's Seraglio*; two of 'em indeed had a violent Quarrel t'other day, but 'twas only about State Affairs, one happening to be a Whig, and t'other a Tory.

Mrs. *Lov*. Good Sir *Harry*, what have you seen so loose in my Behaviour to attack me at this rate?

Sir *Har*. Why, look you, Child, do'st thee consider what an Income two hundred a Year is; some Country Gentlemen han't more to make their Elder Sons Esquires, and raise Portions for eleven awkard Daughters. Besides, my Dear, thou art but a whiffling sort of a Pinnace, I have been proffer'd lovely, large, First Rate Ladies for half the Mony. There's *Winny*

Wag-tail in *Channel Row*, wou'd have left it to my Generosity; Mrs. *Tippet* the Furrier's Wife in *Walbrook* wou'd have taken five hundred Pound down, and *Sufan Sigh-fort* the quaking Sempstress had n't the Assurance to ask me above the rent of her Shop.——I must tell you, Love, the Nation's over stock'd with Women, I can have a hundred and fifty Furbuloe Scarf-makers for as many Silver Thimbles; and but last Long Vacation, a very considerable Pleader offer'd me his two Daughters for Six and Eight Pence a Night.

Mrs. *Lov*. Sir *Harry*, this Discourse suits not my Genius, I have a Fortune, tho' not thousands enough to keep me from that odious thing you'd tempt me to; therefore if you pursue this Humour any farther, I must acquaint my Lady with it.

Sir *Har*. Why, then, Madam, do I most devoutly pray to *Venus* there, and each kind Creature here, that the Men may avoid you, as if you had n't a Lure about you, that for madness you may turn Gam'ster, lose all your Fortune at Play, and then grow crooked for want of Mony to buy you a new Pair of Stayes. [*Exit*.

Mrs. *Lov*. Was ever any thing so impudent! he's a charming Fellow tho', and two hundred a Year is a charming Allowance too.—But Virtue! Virtue! — Oh! that I had liv'd in good King Some-body's Days.

Enter Major Bramble.

Bra. Madam *Lovejoy*, your most humble Servant, here's a Ring that was pawn'd to me for twenty Guineas by a Welch Knight, on his being chose High Sheriff o'the County, and the Mony not being paid in due time, it's become forfeited; I therefore entreat the Favour of you to wear it.

Mrs. *Lov*. Your very humble Servant, Major, they are delicate Stones indeed; but what Service must I do you in return of so great a Compliment?

Bra. Only that, Madam, of being my Advocate to Lady *Rodomont*, whose Beauty I have long admir'd, and whose Estate I do profoundly reverence. [*Aside*.] Nor can I on a just survey of my Person and Parts find the least

Obstacle, why her Inclinations shou'd n't mount like mine, that without much Ceremony or foppish Courtship, we might unite Circumstances, and astonish the World at the Sight of a couple so prodigiously well pair'd.

Mrs. *Lov*. Were my Fortune, Major, equal to my Lady's, my Judgment wou'd be as much admir'd in such a Choice as my Happiness wou'd be envy'd; but my Lady's of so uncommon a cold Constitution so whimsically gay, and fond of new Diversions, she laughs at ev'ry serious Thought of Love.

Bra. Perhaps, Madam, my Lady never had an Offer worth her serious Notice, the Fops a course chatter and teaze the Women, but when great Statesmen condescend to Love, and while they Court, Affairs of State stand still; a Lady shou'd be proud of such an Offer; what Woman wou'd not think her self most highly honour'd to have an amorous Judge approach her with his Tipstaff.

Mrs. *Lov.* Ay, Major, to have the State stand still, as if a Woman were of mightier Moment wou'd sooth a Lady's Pride, 'twou'd be so pretty to adjourn the Parliament when their Mistresses send for 'em to Picquet; and were my Lady sensible how vast an Honour you design her, she certainly wou'd own an equal Passion.

Bra. [*Aside*] I profess a very ingenious Woman, and cou'd I but be satisfy'd, she were entirely in the French Int'rest, I I wou'd prefer her to Madam *Maintenon's* Cabinet Council, to consult about the next Invasion.

Enter Nicknack.

Nic. Oh! Mrs. *Lovejoy*, I have been hurry'd quite out of my Senses, three more Ships are sail'd in upon me this Morning; the *Atlas* Merchant Man, Captain *Sunburnt* Commander from the *East Indies*, the *Dighton* Gally from the musty Islands, and the *Hankerchief* Frigot from *Smirna*.

Mrs. *Lov.* Pray, Mr. *Nicknack*, when's the Sale?

Nic. Now, now, Madam, and the fat India Women from all Parts o'the Town do croud and scold like a Parcel of Fish-Wives at a Mackrel-Boat—Mrs.

Trapes in *Leadenhall* Street is hawling away the Umbrellas for the walking Gentry, Mrs. *Kanister* in *Hatton Garden*, buys up all the course Bohee-Tea for the *Holborn* Ladies Breakfasts, and Mrs. *Furnish* at St. *James*'s has order'd Lots of Fans, and China, and India Pictures to be set by for her, 'till she can borrow Mony to pay for 'em.——But, Madam, I ha' brought you a couple of the prettiest Parrokeets, and the charming'st Monkey for my Lady that ever was seen; a Coster-monger's Wife kiss'd it, burst into Tears, and said, 'Twas so like an only Child she had just bury'd. I thought the poor Woman wou'd ha' swoon'd away.

Mrs. *Lov*. Thank you good Mr. *Nicknack*.

Nick. But, Madam, have you told my Lady, what a violent Inflammation I have about her?

Mrs. *Lov*. She's now at Cards with the *Collonel*, and next to the new Monkey you'll be the welcom'st Creature alive to her.—Sweet Major excuse me, for I must run to my dear Parrokeets. [*Exit*.

Bra. Prithee, Friend, what Beau-maggot has thy Pericranium lately bred to give thee pretensions to Lady *Rodomont*?

Nick. And pray, *Major*; what prejudice have the Ladies done you, that you shou'd revenge it by offering 'em your disagreeable self? For he that murmus at so good a Queen, must certainly be disaffected to the whole Sex.

Bra. Do'st thou imagine a Woman of sense that has seen he great Court of *France*, and visited Madam *de Trollop*, Madam *de Frippery*, and Madam *de Twangdillion*, where Ladies are great Politicians, and talk of Ramparts, Bastions, and Aqueducts will prefer thy Parrots and Jack-daws to a Man of Politicks, whom the Prince of *Conti* consulted about the Kingdom of *Poland*. Monsieur *Chamillard* about the late Invasion.

Nick. I can't suppose, *Major*, a Lady of her Intellects, will fling her self away on a Grumbletonian, to have her Estate confiscated, receive Visits in the *Gate-house*, when her Husband's clapt up for Treason, and afterwards

quarrel with the Heralds about the length of her Veil, when her Spouse made his *Exit* at *Tyburn*.

Bra. Why ha'st thou the assurance to despise Heroes that die in a State Cause, St. *Charnock*, and St. *Gregg*; these were Men that made a noise i'the World, whose Names are in ev'ry News Paper, and let the Cause be what it will, I honour People that make a noise in the World.—But prithee, Mr. *Nicknack*, what makes you Citizens that spring from a little Counting-house, up three Steps at the further End of a dark Ware-house, attempt Women o'Quality?

Nick. Why, Sir, I can settle Threescore Thousand Pounds upon her.

Bra. Settle Threescore Thousand Pounds upon her;—Wou'd you buy a Wife as you do Scamony and Cocheneal by Inch of Candle? If I were a Woman, I shou'd hate the sound of an Inch of Candle. I'll settle *Major Bramble* upon her, an inestimable Jewel, and if she has no more sense than to refuse me; for a Chocolate-house, *Jelley Eater*, she has travell'd to as little improvement, as some other Beau Ladies, that admire the Agility of the *French*, before the Stability of the *Swiss Cantons*; therefore you may go tire her with your Monkey tricks, to give her a true relish of my more weighty Arguments.—In the mean time, I'll step to the Tow'r, to congratulate the safe Arrival of some very great Persons out of *Scotland*. [*Exit*.

Nick. Now has this old Fellow the vanity to think his Person and Qualities are as acceptable to a fine Woman as if he had been bred at Court; but Asses will herd and bray amongst the fair Kine, like a knot of Stock-jobbing Jews that crowd *Garraways* Coffee-house, and fright away us
Beau Merchants with the stink of Bread and Cheese Snuff. [*Exit*.

SCENE *Changes to* Covent-Garden.

Enter Matter Totty, *and* Shrimp.

Tot. Lord! Lord! What a hugeous Place this *London* is? I thank you heartily, Sir, for taking Care of me; for I shou'd ha' quite lost my self, and then, perhaps, some strange Person might ha' taken me up, and ha' kept me; but what makes People in such a hurry here, as if at *Lincoln*, the Mayor and Aldermen were going to a Bull-baiting; at other times Folks in the Country walk more slowly, as tho' they were going to Church.

Shr. London, Master, is the Seat of Business, People do ev'ry thing in a hurry here, except paying their Debts, and lying with their Wives; but what Notion had you of the Town before you saw it?

Tot. Why, my Grand-mother says, Tis the wicked'st Place under the Copes of Heav'n, and the Filthinesses she has seen there, have made her frigid to Mankind; she says, young Fellows are greedy after young Wenches, and make a scoff at old Folks; Men of Quality have no sense of well-doing, and Women o'Quality no sense of Self-denial; your highflown Gentry, no sense of Humility, and the Common People no sense of good Manners; mid-night Collonels, no sense of Sobriety; Vintners no sense of Honesty; City Wives, no sense of Chastity, and their Husbands, no sense at all.

Shr. You are deceiv'd, Master, People come hither for Education and Improvement: Ev'ry Merchant's Prentice now assumes an air of Wisdom, talks of Gaming, Dress, and Poetry; frequents the Hazard-Table at *Lambeth*, the Bowling-Green at *Islington*, and keeps a Race-Horse for *Hackney-Marsh*; has a Silver Watch double gilt, Pearl colour Silk Stockings, and a black Suit for *Lent*, with a couple of Drop-Locks hanging up in the Counting-house, which are occasionally hook'd on to a Spruce-Bob to Squire two Chamber-Maids to the *Rival Queens*.

Tot. But do People obey their Parents in *London*?

Shr. Never, never, Master, this is an Age of Freedom and good Humour; Fathers tope Claret with their Sons, and Mothers *Rosa Solis* with their Daughters; they Rake together, Intreague together, divide Estates, and persue their Inclinations; Familiarity makes young Fellows easie, and old Fellows have the happiness to live out all their Days.

Tot. O Gemini that's pure! well I always had a mighty mind to see *London*, because my Grand-mother would never let me; and d'you belong to Sir *Harry Sprightly*, say you, Sir?

Shr. I do my self the Honour to sojourn with him; Sir *Harry* Compliments me with adjusting some Solecisms in his Dress; we were Neighbour's Children in the Country, and always very fond of one another, he begg'd the Favour of me to meet you at the Inn, give you some refreshment, and conduct you to his Lodgings;—Oh! Here comes a Friend o'mine lately return'd from *Flanders*, that will be glad to associate with us; he's a Person of great Worth, I assure you, and might have had great Preferments in the Army; but his good Manners, like some other well-bred military Sparks, made him rather retreat than put himself forward.

Enter Knapsack.

Mr. *Knapsack*, your most humble Servant, an ingenious young Gentleman here, just arriv'd from the Fenns in *Lincolnshire*, desires to be known to you; he's at present but a rough Diamond wholly ignorant of the Town, but your Conversation will make him Brillant.

Knap. You know my Profession, Mr. *Shrimp*, and think you can't trespass on my modesty; but your praises are enough to put our whole Regiment out o'countenance, had we not quarter'd in *Ireland*.—The young Gentleman by his deportment seems to be the Darling of a Family, and Heir to a good Estate.

Tot. I shall have Five Hundred a Year, Sir, when my Grand-mother gives up the Ghost; but at present she allows me but Eighteen Pence a Week for reading the Book of Martyrs to her, copying Receipts, and supporting her about the House.

Shr. Eighteen Pence a Week! Why the Kitchin Wench gets more for her Coney Skins; but what allowance are you to have now, Master, you should have handsome Lodgings in *Pall-Mall* Tutors to embellish you, dress out for *Whites*, keep a Chair by the Week, and an impudent Footman to knock down People before you.

Tot. Ay, but my Grand-mother charg'd me on her Blessing never to go to that end o'the Town; she says, they are abominable Spendthrifts there; bid me remember the Prodigal Son, and has given me only a broad *Jacobus* to pay for Post Letters, and a Hundred Pound Bill upon Sir *Francis* to put me Clerk to an Attorney.

Shr. Clerk to an Attorney! Why the Nation swarms with 'em; so many young Fellows now are bred to that Profession, Men, and their Wives are forc'd to go to Law to find bus'ness for their Children.

Knap. Hang the Hundred Pounds; we'll spend it, Master, in showing you the Town, the Lyons, and the Tombs, the Bears, and the Morocco's, the Jew's Synagogue, and the Gyants at *Guild-hall*, my Lord-Mayor's great Coach, and my Lady Mayoress's great Tower.

Tot. Shan't we go to the Play-house too, and see *Pinkeman, Bullock*, and *Jubilee Dicky*?

Knap. Ay, and behind the Scenes too amongst the pretty Actresses; I must have you a smart Youth, understand the finish'd Vices o'the Town, learn to swear like a Gentleman of Ten Thousand a Year, few Men of Estates are bred to Conversation, game like a desp'rate younger Brother, several embroider'd Suits are known to live by't, drink abundantly to prevent dull-thinking, and Whore lustily to encourage the Dispensary that gives the poor Physick for nothing. Mr. *Shrimp* here knows the World; and, I warrant, for cogging a Die, bullying a Coward, bilking a Hackney Coachman, and storming a Nest of Whores in *Drury-lane*, not a Master of Arts in either University can come near him.

Tot. Fegs, so I will, they shan't think to cow me any longer; one cou'd never stir out o'the Room, but my Grand-mother was purring after a Body, and if she heard one got a little merry at *T. Totum*, with the Maids, she'd quaver out *Totty*, come, and say your Catechism;—*What is the chief End of Man?* And upon ev'ry little Fault, she'd lock me up to get *Quarles's Emblems* by heart, and threaten I shou'd lie in the great Room that's haunted, and never let one have any other diversion, than to hear the Chaplain play *Jumping Joan* upon the Base Viol.

Shr. Shall we adjourn to the *Rose*, the Drawer's my particular Friend, and will give us *French* Wine for Eighteen Pence a Bottle.

Tot. But lets ha' some Sack, do.

Knap. Ay, and Sugar, my brave Boy, thou shall't have any thing; we'll be merry as mony'd Sailors over a Bowl o'Rum Punch, fluster'd as their Whores, and frolicksom, 'till we have spent all, drink Confusion to all Grand-mothers, and if the old Cat pretends to Ptysick it much longer, we'll get an Act of Parliament to poyson her.

Tot. With all my Heart! they say the Parliament can do any thing. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE, *A Drawing-Room*.

Enter the Collonel, *and* Lady Rodomont *rising from Play*.

L. *Rod*. Fling up the Cards, good *Collonel*, after two Games, the Pleasure becomes a Business; like my Lady *Shuffler* that gits her living at 'em.

Col. Your Ladyship's a Chymist in Diversions, extracts the quintessence of ev'ry Pleasure, and leaves the drossy Part upon the World; Agreements, when too tedious pall the Fancy, when short they quicken and refine our Appetites; and the sublimest Joy to Mortals known, evaporates the Moment that 'tis tasted.

L. *Rod*. Variety alone supports dull Life, the light Amusements that connect and change, Spur on the creeping Circle of the Year; I love to humour an unbounded Genius, to give a lose to ev'ry spring of Fancy, to rove, to range, to sport with different Countries, and share the Revels of the Universe.

Col. My Genius fain wou'd Court superiour Blessings; those Passions are too hurrying to last; Vapours that start from a Mercurial Brain, whose wild Chimera's flush the lighter Faculties, which tir'd i'th'vain pursuit of fancy'd Pleasures; a Passion more substantial Courts our Reason, solid,

persuasive, elegant, sublime, where ev'ry Sense crowds to the luscious Banquet, and ev'ry nobler Faculty's imploy'd.

L. *Rod*. That Passion you describe's a sleeping Potion, a lazy, stupid, lethargy of Mind, that nums our Faculties, destroys our Reason, and to our Sex the bane of all Agreements; shou'd I whom Fortune, lavish of her store, has given the means to glut insatiate Wishes, out-vie my Sex, and Lord it o'er Mankind, constrain my rambling Pleasures, check my Liberty for an insipid Cooing sort of Life, which marry'd Fools think Heav'n, and cheat each other.

Col. Are Love and Pleasure, Madam, so incongruous?—Methinks the very name of Love exhilerates; meaner delights were meant but to persuade us, Toys to provoke and heighten our desires, which Love confirms and Crowns with mightier extasie.

L. *Rod.* Rather all Joys expire, where Love commences; when that deluding Passion once takes root, we grow insensible, ill-bred, intolerable, neglecting Dress and Air, and Conversation; to fondle an odd Wretch, that caus'd our ruin: No, give me the outward Gallantries of Love, the Poetry, the Balls, the Serenades, where I may Laugh and Toy, and humour Apish Cringers, with secret Pride to raise my Sexes Envy, and lead pretending Fops a Faiery Dance.

Col. My own Humour to a Hair! How I admire such generous sprightly Virtue, your Reasoning, Madam, darts amazing brightness, 'where groveling Souls want courage to think freely, ay, Liberty's the Source of all Enjoyments, a nourishing Delight, innate and durable. I love the Harmony of Foreign Courts; your downright *English* Women are meer Mopes, sit dumb like Clocks that speak but once an Hour, supinely Grave and insolently Sullen, nor Smile but on good terms to Laugh, at us for Life: But other Climates animate more warmly; Sexes alike are free, reciprocally gay, and Pleasures are persu'd without Reflection, if Principle or Fear refuse us Love; for I'm the tenderest of a Lady's Honour, the Fair One still has tantalizing Charms, her tuneful Voice, her graceful, easie Movement, her lively Converse, happy turn of Thought, Language polite, keen Wit, fineness of Argument, but Marriage turns the Edge of all Society.

L. *Rod.* Pray, *Collonel*, how long have you taken up this Resolution?

Col. I doat upon the Sex, admire their heav'nly Form, like beauteous Temples built by sacred Hands, where their bright Souls as Deities inhabit; but shou'd Love's Queen, Celestial *Citharea*, descend in all her elegance of Beauty, the study'd Care of the officious Graces, with Wreaths of Jewels glittering round her Temples, her flowing Locks dispos'd in artful Circles, losely attir'd, and on a Down of Roses, with laughing Cupids hov'ring round the Bed.—

L. *Rod*. But *Collonel*.

Col A wondrous lovely Mien, kind melting Airs, soft snowy Breasts that pant with am'rous Sighs, Eyes lauguishing that steal forth welcome glances; Cheeks rip'ning, glowing, kindling, ravishing.

> *To be confin'd, wou'd deaden all her Charms, And Matrimony fright me from her Arms*.

L. *Rod*. Good *Collonel* check a while this feign'd Career; for in describing her you wou'd refuse, you're in a Rapture, and quite out of Breath; don't depend too much on your fancy'd Prowess, some mortal Dames, less beauteous than a Goddess, have exercis'd and tam'd the boldest Heroes.

Enter Mrs. Lovejoy.

Mrs. *Lov*. Madam, the Countess of *Circumference*, my Lady *May-pole*, and my Lady *Bob-tail* are just lighting at the Gate.

L. *Rod*. Pray sup with me *Collonel*, and lets finish this Argument, I'm fond of disputing with a Person that talks well.

Col. [*aside*] She's peek'd, and my design must prove successful.

> *Pride keeps me off, but Nature smooths my way; For what her Tongue wou'd hide, her Eyes betray*.

[*Exit*.

L. *Rod*. Cozen, did you ever hear the like? The *Collonel's* such an Enemy to Marriage?

Mrs. *Lov*. An Enemy to Marriage, Madam!

L. *Rod*. As obstinately bent against it, as if he were incapable of Love; not that his Principles concern me, yet such Heresy in Men shou'd be subdu'd.

Mrs. *Lov*. Perhaps, Madam, the *Collonel* may have had some strange misfortune in the Army, Cannon Bullets fly at such an ugly random rate.

L. *Rod*. Ha, ha, ha, how I laugh at such thin Disguises, as if a ratling Officer in this fortune-hunting Age, cou'd have Philosophy to slight my Person and Estate; but I'll applaud his happy choice of Liberty; say, 'tis a generous Thought, so like my self, I'll settle a Platonick Friendship with him, then faulter in my Speech, and seem confus'd, as if my Sexes weakness must discover a Passion which my haughty Soul wou'd hide. The greedy *Collonel* catches at the Bait, deep Sighs, and sheepish Looks confess the Lover; then with what sparkling Pride I'll boast my Power, bravely assert my wonted Resolutions, rally the blustering Heroe, and pursue new Conquests.

As the Sun's early Beams attract and warm,
So Ladies with their easie glances Charm;
Vain Coxcombs cringe with transport and surprize,
Feel kindling Fire, and feed upon their Eyes;
'Till like the Sun, the dazling Nymphs display
Meridian *heat, and scorch the Fools away*.

End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE *continues*.

Lady Rodomont, *and Mrs*. Lovejoy.

Mrs. *Lov*. Why, Madam, shou'd your Ladyship keep so many Fellows in suspence, is it only to mortifie other Women, and maintain the Vanity of being universally admir'd; you won't marry, and yet love to be courted: In other matters your Ladiship's gen'rous enough, but as for parting with your Lovers, you are as stingy as the Widow *Scrape-all*, that lets out her Mourning-Coach to Funerals.

La. *Rod*. Cozen, we're alone, and I'll discover t' you the Soul of ev'ry Woman: Vanity is the predominant Passion in our Sex, what Lady that has Beauty, Wit and Fortune, does not excel in Dress, brighten in Talk, and dazle in her Equipage; and Lovers are but Servants out o' Liveries: Who then that has Attractions to command, to sooth, to frown, to manage as we please, wou'd raise those crawling Wretches that adore us, that fawn and sigh, and catch at ev'ry Glance, but once embolden'd, as our Courage fails us, the flatt'ring Knaves exert their Sovereign Sway, and crush the darling Pow'r we possess.

Mrs. *Lov*. 'Tis their Prerogative to rule at last, our Reign is short, because 'tis too Tyrannical; we're pleas'd to have Admirers gaze upon us, they're pleas'd with gazing, 'cause they cannot help it; but yet they think us strange fantastick Creatures, and curse themselves for loving such vain Toys; for my part, I'm for ballancing the pow'r of both Sexes, if a fine Gentleman addresses a fine Lady, his Reception ought to be suitable to his Merit, and when two fine People get together—

La. *Rod*. What then?

Mrs. *Lov*. They ought to lay aside Affectation and Impertinence, and come to a right understanding i' th' matter.

La. *Rod.* But prithee, my Dear, what fine Things d'you conceive there are in Love?

Mrs. *Lov*. I wou'd conceive what fine Things there are in Love; in short, Madam, you may dissemble like the *French Hugonots,* that were starving in their own Country, and pretended to fly hither for Religion: But I that have the same Circulations with your Ladiship, know that ev'ry Woman feels a *Je ne sçay quoy* for an agreeable Fellow; nay more, that Love is irresistable; how many Fortunes have marry'd Troopers, and Yeomen o'the Guard? We are all made of the same Mould; nay I heard of a Lady that was so violently scorcht at the sight of a handsome Waterman, she flung her self sprawling into the *Thames*, only that he might stretch out his Oar, and take her up again.

La. *Rod*. There are Women Fools to a strange degree; but have you, Cousin, seen any Object so amiable to merit that ridiculous Condescension.

Mrs. *Lov*. I have seen a great many young Fellows, Madam, and do ev'ry Day see more young Fellows that I cou'd like very well to play at *Piquet* with; and if your Ladiship has sworn to die a Maid, recommend one of your Admirers to me, and it shan't be my Fault, if in a few Months I don't produce you a very pretty Bantling to inherit your Estate.

Enter Major Bramble.

Bram. (*Aside*.) Now must I screw my self into more submissive Forms than a hungry Poet at the lower end of a Lord's Table, when he has more Wit than all the Company; muster up more Lies than are told behind a *Cheapside*-Counter, and talk to her of Agues, Agonies and Agitations, when I have no more Notion of Love, than a Lawyer has of the next World: Her Estate indeed wou'd put a Man into a Conflagration, but a fine Woman is to me like a fine Race-Horse, admir'd only by Fools, very costly, very wanton, and very apt to run away—Madam, your Ladiship's incomparable Perfections, which are as much talk'd of, as if they had been publish'd in

the *Flying-Post*, *Post-Boy*, and *Post-Man*, have stirr'd up all my Faculties to admire, ev'ry Part about you, and to tell you the Ambition I have of being your Ladiship's most devoted, humble Servant at Bed and Board.

La. *Rod*. A Man of your Character, *Major*, is seldom touch'd with a Lady's Perfections; our trifling Beauties soften weaker Mortals, you Men that bustle about publick Matters, whose fiery Souls are charm'd with Broils of State, retain no mighty Transports for our Sex.

Bram. True, Madam, Love's but an insipid Business; but I wou'd marry to keep up that fiery Breed; and your Ladyship having a more sublime Genius than the rest of your Sex, I thought you the properest Person to apply to, that with equal Pains-taking we may produce a Race of *Alexanders*, that shall rattle thro' the World like a Peal of Thunder, wage Wars, destroy Cities, and send old Women headlong to the Devil.

La. *Rod*. I mould rather chuse a peaceful Race, whose Virtue shou'd prefer 'em to the State, where Wisdom, like a Goddess, sits triumphant, to awe, to charm, to punish and reward, and check the Fury of such headstrong Coursers.

Bram. A Race of Side-Box-Beaus, that love soft easie Chairs, Down-Beds, and taudry Night-Gowns; I admire those renown'd Emperors, that chop Peoples Heads off for their Diversion, and the glorious King of *France*, that makes his Family Kings whenever he pleases; that gives People yearly Pensions to bellow out his praise; whose Edicts fly about like Squibs and Crackers, and as much laughs at Parliaments and Councils, as a Whore of Distinction does at the *Reforming-Society*.

La. *Rod*. Such Princes are meant Scourges to the Earth; no Mortal's fit for absolute Command; Men have their Passions; Monarchs are but Men, and when Love, Jealousie, or Fear possess 'em, the Tyrants spurn, and rack their guiltless People, who tamely bend, and court their fatal Madness; our happy Realm knows no Despotick Sway; not only Kingdoms here, but Hearts unite, the Sov'reign and the Subjects bless each other; a Constitution so divinely fram'd; such gen'rous Concord, such resistless Harmony, that Nature wonders at her own Perfections; a Climate and a People so serene!

Bram. Look you, Madam, I'm no more an Enemy to the Government than to your Ladiship: Your Ladiship has a good Estate, Estate, and your Person is mightily dish'd out, fine and lovely and plump, therefore if your Ladyship thinks fit to marry me, and the Government to give me a Place of a Thousand a Year, I'm an humble Servant to both, otherwise I wou'dn't care three Whiffs o' Tobacco, if the Government sunk, and your Ladiship were blown up in the Clouds.

La. *Rod.* Plain-dealing, *Major*, ought to be inestimable, especially in a Statesman, but you needn't give your self any trouble about me, you're not a Creature tame enough for a Husband: The Lion that's us'd to range the Woods, if once ensnar'd, grows ten times more outragious. What think you, Cousin, shou'd we entangle the *Major*.

Mrs. *Lov.* We must never come near him, Madam, for I'm afraid he'll devour us all.

Bram. Devour you all, Mrs. *Oatcake*, a Man must be damnable hungry to feed upon your Chitterlings. [*Aside.*] Now have I a good mind to hire two or three honest Fellows to swear her into a Plot, have her Estate confiscated to the Government, and get a Reward of half of it for so serviceable a piece of Loyalty and Revenge; but to mortifie her more compleatly, I'll go make my Addresses to the Divine Lady *Toss-up*. [*Exit.*

Enter Nicknack.

Nick. [*Aside.*] Were it not to improve my Int'rest with the Ladies, I wou'd forswear all manner of Bus'ness, and grow perfectly idle, like a Dancing-Master's Brains. I have been squeez'd up at the *Custom-House*, 'mongst *Jews*, *Swedes*, *Danes*, and dirty *Dutchmen*, that were entering Hung-Beef, 'till I'm only fit to tread *Billingsgate-Key*, and address those shrill Ladies, whose *Italian* Voices ev'ry Day charm the Streets with the deaf'ning Harmony of *Place*, *Flounders*, and *New-Castle-Salmon*—I was afraid, Madam, having not seen your Ladiship these four Hours, you had quite forgot me.

La. *Rod.* That's impossible, Mr. *Nicknack*, I never see the pretty *Monkey* you brought me, but I have the strongest Idea of you imaginable; but have

you imported no greater Curiosities, a *Monkey* of one sort or other is what most People have in their Houses. I'd have a Ship range the World on purpose to find me out some agreeable strange Creature, that was never heard of before, nor is ever to be met with again.

Nick. A Creature, Madam, which some People think unparallell'd, it may be in my, Pow'r to help your Ladiship to, but 'tis a sort of Creature that's always sighing for a Mate, if your Ladiship likes it as well as some other Ladies have done; if I know the Creature, 'twou'd laugh and toy, and kiss and fawn upon your Ladiship beyond all Womankind.

La. *Rod.* Pray, Mr. *Nicknack*, what Species is it of?

Nick. Of Humane Species, Madam, your Ladiship shall examine it, but the Ladies turn it into what shape they please, an *Ape*, an *Ass*, a *Lizard*, a *Squirrel*, a *Spaniel*; most People say 'tis a *Man*, but the Merchant that brought it from the *Cyprian Groves*, calls it a *Desponding Lover*.

La. *Rod.* A *Desponding Lover*, Mr. *Nicknack*, is indeed a very strange Creature, but 'tis no Rarity, I'm pester'd with 'em at all Seasons, they are continually intruding like one's poor Relations, more pragmatically impertinent than one's Chaplain, and, were it possible, as impudent as one's Footmen.

Nick. But a sincere and constant Lover your Ladiship must allow a Rarity.

La. *Rod.* [*Aside.*] I must humour this Fellow's Vanity; he'll make an admirable Tool to plague the *Collonel*—I understand you, Mr. *Nicknack*, you have so pretty a way of discovering your self, 'twou'd charm any Lady, and truly I see no difference between a Gentleman educated at *Merchant-Taylor's-School*, and one at *Fobert*'s; only at our end o'the Town, there's a certain Forwardness in young Fellows, that a Boy of Fourteen shall pretend to practise before he understands the *Rule of Three*. But what you tell me is a thing of that weight, it requires mature Deliberation, a Conflict with one's self of a whole Age's debating: Marriage, 'mongst the vulgar sort, is a Joke, a meer May-Game; with People of Rank, a serious and well study'd Solemnity.

Nick. Nay, Madam, I'm in no very great haste, I am perfectly of your Ladyship's Opinion, and can't think there's so mighty a Jest in Matrimony as some People imagine; like a Country Fellow and a Wench, that will jig it into Church after a blind Fidler, and are never in a dancing Humour afterwards. People o' Quality are more apprehensive o' the matter, and have a world o' business to do, we must first be seen particular together, to give suspicion, and create Jealousies 'mongst the rest of your Admirers; then it must be whisper'd to the Countess of *Intelligence*, to carry about Town, or the Tea-Tables will drop for want of Tittle-tattle; and afterwards your Ladyship's absolutely denying it, confirms ev'ry body in the truth of it: As for Cloaths, Equipage and Furniture, they are soon got ready, and if your Ladiship dislikes living i'the City, we'll take a House at *Mile-End*.

La. *Rod*. The City, Mr. *Nicknack*, A very considerable Place! I have had noble Suppers there. Suppers dress'd at *Russel*'s in *Ironmonger-lane*, and have brought away Fifty Guineas at *Basset*, when at this end o'the Town I have lost three times Fifty for a sneaking Dish of *Chocolate*. People too may talk of their want of Sense, but the suppressing *Bartl'mew-Fair* was a thing of that wondrous Consultation, it shews the Citizens have prodigious Head-pieces.

Nick. Your Ladiship has a just Notion of the City. I have read sev'ral Acts of Common Council, that have really a world of Wit in 'em; but I'm afraid, Madam, *Collonel Blenheim* has so far ingratiated himself with your Ladiship, I shall have a troublesome Rival to deal with.

La. *Rod*. Not in the least, I admitted him only as a Visitant, but at present I must be more particular with him; he's of late grown a little irreverent towards our Sex, and I must check an insolent Humour he has got of despising Matrimony; he'll be with me instantly, I'll dispose you, that you may over-hear all, how I'll turn and wind him, cross him, humour him, and confound him; when you think it proper make your Appearance, and we'll both laugh at him.

Nick. If your Ladiship pleases, I had rather laugh in my Sleeve, for those blustering Officers, that are us'd to destroy whole Batallions, make no more of murdering one Man, than an Alderman does of eating up a single *Turkey*.

La. *Rod*. Never fear him, Mr. *Nicknack*.

Nick. Nay, Madam, I have been Collonel i'th'*Train-Bands* these seven Years, and therefore ought not to want Courage; and tho' I never learnt to fence, there's an admirable Master teaches three times a Week, at the *Swan Tavern* in *Cornhil*. [*Exeunt*.

Mrs. *Lov*. Now will I be Spitchcockt, if she han't an Inclination for the *Collonel*, to coquet, and flirt and fleer, and plague half Mankind, only because they like her, may be what you call a fine Lady, but in my mind she has more fantastical Airs than a Kettle-Drummer. [*Exit*.

SCENE, *a Room in the* Rose-Tavern.

The Bell rings.

[*Bar-keeper without*.] Where a Pox are you all; must Company wait an Hour for a Room?

[*A noise of Drawers*.] Coming, coming, coming, Sir.

Enter a Drawer with Lights, Shrimp, Knapsack, and Master *Totty*.

Draw. Please to be here, Gentlemen?

Shr. What's become of your Beau-Drawer, that wore a long *Spanish* Wig, lac'd Linnen, silk Stockings, and a Patch?

Draw. He happen'd, Sir, to make bold with a silver *Monteth*, and is gone for a Soldier—What Wine are you for Gentlemen?

Shr. [*Aside to the Drawer*.] D'you know Sir *Harry Sprightly*, Friend?

Draw. Yes, Sir.

Shr. What Wine does he drink?

Draw. Three and Six-penny, Sir.

Shr. I am his Servant, draw us the same.

Tot. Bring me some Sack. [*Exit Drawer.*

Shr. Well, Master, what think you of *London* now, is not the rattling of Coaches, the ringing of Bells, and the joyful Cry of *Great and good News from Holland*, preferrable to the Country, where you see nothing but Barns and Cow-houses, hear nothing but the grunting of Swine, and converse with nothing but the Justice, the Jack-daw, and your old Grand-mother.

Tot. Ay, marry is it, and if they ever get me there again, I'll give 'em leave to pickle and preserve me; here are Drums and Trumpets, Soldiers and Sempstresses, and fine Sights in ev'ry Street: In the Country we are glad to go four Miles to see a House o'fire. Nay, wou'd you believe it, we ha'n't so much as a Tavern in our Town; Gentlemen are forc'd to use Gammer *Grimes's* Thatch'd Ale-house, except the Curate be with 'em, and then they smoke, and drink in the Vestry.

[*Drawer enters with Wine.*

Knap. Come, Master, here's my hearty Service t'you.

Tott. Your hearty Servant thanks you, Sir—Mr. *Shrimp*, here's the Respects of a Gudgeon t'you.

Shr. Ah! you're an arch Wag.

Tott. But, pray, Mr. *Shrimp*, where may a body buy a little Wit, my Grand-mother charg'd me to get some; and, she says, bought Wit's best; 'tis a mighty scarce Commodity i'the Country; we have above two hundred Gentlemen near us that never heard on't. Our Chaplain has a little, but they say 'tis n't the right sort.

Shr. Mr. *Knapsack* can furnish you with five or ten Pounds worth when you please.

Knap. Mr. *Shrimp*, Master, has a much better Stock, but that you may n't think I engross it to my self, as they say *Bull* does Coffee, what I have is at your Service.

Tott. Sir, my Service t'you again, [*drinks*] This is much better than *Lincoln* Ale, fegs.

Knap. What think you now, Master, of a pretty Wench to towze a little?

Tott. He, he, he, [*grins*] I don't know what you mean, Sir.

Knap. Had you never any pleasant Thoughts o'the Fair Sex.

Tott. I never lay with any Body but my Grand-mother; when she was in a good humour, she'd tickle a Body sometimes, but if she never meddl'd mith me, I never meddl'd with her.

Knap. A sapless old Hen, you might as well have lain with a Paring-Shovel; but what think you of a young Woman, that's warm, tender and inviting.

Shr. By this Light, here's *Betty* the Orange Woman from the Play-house.

Enter Betty. [*They* rise

Bett. Ah! you Devils are you here, why did n't you come into the Pit to night, and eat an Orange,—who have you got with you, by my lost Maidenhead, a meer Country Widgeon, you sly Toads will bubble him finely; let me go snacks, or I'll discover it. Come, Fellows, drink about; positively it's very cold, fitting so behind at the Box Doors.

Shr. Honest *Betty*, here's Success to thee in ev'ry thing.

Bett. Ay, Faith, but there's little to do this Winter yet, now the Officers are come over, I hope, to have full Trade; I have had but one poor Shilling giv'n me to Night, and that was for carrying a Note from a Baronet in the Side Box to a Citizens Wife in the Gall'ry; but there was no harm in't, 'twas only to treat with her here by and by, about borrowing a hundred Pound of her Husband upon the Reversion of a Parsonage. [*To* Knap.] Red

Coat your Inclinations. [*To* Tott.] Sir, prosperity t'you, you are got into hopeful Company.

Tott. Thank you, Mrs. *Betty.*

Shr. Prithee *Betty* give us a Song.

Bett. A Song, Pigsneyes, why, I have been roaring all Night with Six *Temple* Rakes at the *Dog* and *Partridge* Tavern in *Wild-street*, and am so hoarse I cou'd not sing a Line, were the whole Town to subscribe for me.

Knap. Take t'other Glass, *Betty*.

Bett. T'other Glass, Fellow, by the Bishop of *Munster*, these Puppies have a Design upon me! but give it me, however, for all that know me, know I never baulk my Glass.

Shr. But the Song, the Song, *Betty*. [*She Sings*

SONG.

I.

How happy are we,
Who from Virtue are free,
That curbing Disease of the Mind,
Can indulge ev'ry Taste,
Love where we like best,
Not by dull Reputation confin'd.

II.

When were Young, fit to toy,
Gay Delights we enjoy,
And have Crouds of new Lovers wooing;
When were old and decay'd,
We procure for the Trade,
Still in ev'ry Age we are doing.

III.

If a Cully we meet,
We spend what we get
Ev'ry Day, for the next never think,
When we die, where we go,
We have no Sense to know,
For a Bawd always dies in drink.

Bett. [*Aside to* Shrimp.] Hark'e, Satan, where did you pick up this modest Youth; does he bleed?

Shr. Oh! abundantly.

Bett. That's well, dress him up, and send him *to Will*'s Coffee-House and he'll soon grow impudent. [*To* Tott.] My dear, eat this Orange, and gi'me Half a Crown.

Tott. Half a Crown for an Orange! I can buy one in the Country for two Pence.

Bett. So you may in Town, lovely Swain, but ev'ry Smock I put upon my Back costs me nine Shillings an Ell.

Knap. But tell us, *Betty*, what Intrigues are going forward, your publick Post brings you into a world of private Business, d'you know ever an amorous Lady that would present me with a hundred Guineas to oblige her?

Bett. Thee, Child, Lord starve thee, a Foot Soldier! one o'the Infantry, a Lady that's Fool enough to pay for her Pleasures, may provide her self better out o' the Guards.—Come, gi'me t'other Bumper, nothing's to be got here, I find, and I must run.

Shr. Why in such hast, *Betty*?

Bett. Haste, Creature, why the Fourth Act is just done, and t'other bold Beast will run away with all the Money.

Knap. Hark'e, *Bess*, don't stroddle over Peoples Backs so as you us'd to do.

Bett. Why, how now, Mr. Impudence, I think we do 'em too great an Honour, and whoever affronts me for it I'll have him kick'd as soon as the Play's over. [*Exit*.

Shr. Come, my dear Boy, let's tope it about briskly; what think you of this Lass? is she not frank and free? If you had her in a Corner, she'd show you the way to *Lyme-house*.

Tott. Are all your *London* Women like her? Our Country Wenches are as Cross with treading upon Nettles; there's *Margery* our Dairy-Maid, I only offer'd to feel her Bubbies, and she hit me a dowse o'the Jaws enough to beat down a Stack o' Chimneys.

Shr. We'll carry you to a Lady, Master, that shall stifle you with Kindness, as pretty a piece of Wild-fowl as paddles about *Covent Garden*; but you'll tip her a Guinea, her Lodgings are extremely fine; and you must know a first Floor comes very dear.

Knap. She's a Gentlewoman too, I'll assure you, her Father was hang'd in *Monmonth*'s Time, wears as rich Cloaths as any Body, and never puts on the same Suit twice.

Tot. O Gemini, I long to see her; pray, Mr. *Knapsack*, lets go; but what shall I treat her with, boil'd Fowls and Oysters.

Knap. Something that's very nice, she's mighty dainty at Supper; but her constant Breakfast is a Red-Herring, and a quartern o' Geneva. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE *Changes to Lady* Rodomonts.

Lady Rodomont *and the Collonel discover'd*.

L. *Rod*. Well, Collonel, now what think you of our Sex? Is there no Nymph so sovereignly bright, whole matchless Beauty, Virtue, Wit and Fortune you'd charm your rambling. Thoughts and chain you to her?

Coll. The Goddess you describe, you too well know her wond'rous Brightness, her commanding Excellence, where ev'ry Star seems glitt'ring in her Person, and ev'ry Science cultivates her Mind; no Swain but kindles at her vast Perfections, Sighs at her Feet, and trembles to approach her; but then a baneful Mischief thwarts our Transports, and while we feast us with luxuriant Gazing, that bug-bear Marriage rises like a Storm, clouds ev'ery Beauty, blackens with approaching, and frights away the gen'rous faithful Lover.

L. *Rod*. You talk of Love with an unusual Warmth, you seem to feel it too, and talk with Pleasure; and yet strange wand'ring Notions teaze your Fancy, whose vain Allurements tantalize your Reason, and force you from the Happiness you wish for. He that loves truly, loves without reserve; the Object is the Centre of his Wishes, but your wild Sex that hurry after Pleasure, whose headstrong Passions kindle ev'ry moment, admire each Nymph, and eager to possess, you burn, you rage, and talk in tragick Strains: But when the easy Maid believes, and blesses, when once you ha' rifl'd, ravish'd and enjoy'd, ungratefully you slight the yielding Charmer; your Love boil'd o'er descends to cold Indifference, and a regardless Look rewards her Favours; were I inclin'd to wave my Resolutions, and yield my self a Victim to Love's Pow'r, were I to chuse a Man by Fortune slighted, and raise him to a more than common Affluence; such is the Temper of your graceless Sex, there's not a Cottage Swain that proves sincere.

Coll. Cou'd you then, Madam, condescend to love, and cou'd a Lover manifest his Passion, by constant waiting, vigilant Observance, by sacerdotal Plights, and Faith inviolate, wou'd you prove kind, and take him to your Arms.

L. *Rod*. Of things impossible we lightly talk; if such a Man were found, perhaps, I might.

Coll. Cherish that Thought; believe there is that Man; believe you see him now; observe him well.

L. *Rod*. Ha!

Coll. Read from his Eyes his passionate Concern, his flattering Hopes, his anxious killing Fears; examine ev'ry Symptom, feel his Tremblings, search to his Heart, and there find Truth unblemish'd; approve his Flame, and nourish it with Favours.

L. *Rod*. Have I caught you, Collonel; is this the Sum of all your Self-sufficiency, your Matrimonial Hate, and boasted Liberty. [*Aside*.] His Merits probably may vie with any, but sure he last shou'd hope a Lady's Graces, who saucily arraigns her Sex's Pow'r.

Enter Nicknack.

Mr. *Nicknack*, I have a Miracle to tell you, the Collonel from a blustering, ranting Heroe is dwindl'd to a panting, pining Lover; talks in blank Verse, and Sighs in mournful postures: He the fam'd *Pyramus*, and I bright *Thisbe*.

Nic. I thought, Madam, the Collonel had been a profess'd Marriage-hater.

L. *Rod*. Mr. *Nicknack*, we'll divert our selves at Picquet. When you recover, Collonel, from this Lethargy, you'll play a Pool with us; Ladies admit all sorts to lose their Mony. [*Exit Lady* Rod. *and* Nick.

Coll. I have plaid a fine Card truly, now shall I be number'd with those doating Fools, her Pride encourages, then Jilts, and laughs at. She's fair, but, oh! the Treachery of her Sex.

Enter Sir Harry.

Sir *Har*. My dear Collonel, prithee why so pensive? I have had the pleasantest Adventure this Afternoon, going to the Bank to receive Mony; in *Pater-Noster-Row* I saw two of the loveliest Sempstresses the Trade e'er countenanc'd; I went into the Shop, struck up a Bargain, whipt over to the *Castle*, where we eat four Crabs, top'd six Bottles, skuttl'd up and down, kiss'd, towz'd and tumbl'd 'till we broke ev'ry Chair in the Room. But you are so engag'd with Lady *Rodomont*, your Company's a Blessing unattainable.

Coll. Yes, I have been engag'd, and finely treated. The Syren with her false deluding Arts, her Force of Words and seeming to comply, has drawn me to declare my Passion for her; now rallies and despises all I said, and hugs her self in baffling my Design.

Sir *Har*. 'Tis like her Sex, they will ha' their Jades Tricks, but never mind 'em; we'll to the Tavern and consult new Measures: Our Perseverance is beyond their Policy.

The started Hare may frisk it o'er the Plain,
And the staunch Hound long trace her Steps in vain,
Swiftly she flies, then stops, turns back and views, }
Doubles, and quats, and her lost Strength renews, }
But tho' unseen, he still the Scent persues, }
'Till breathless to a fatal Period brought,
The Hound o'ertakes her, and poor Puss is caught.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Continues*.

Enter Sir Harry, *and Mrs.* Lovejoy.

Mrs. *Lov.* Sir *Harry*, all this Rhet'rick won't prevail; whether you term it Virtue, or Pride only, I am resolv'd to keep a Fame unspotted, in spight of all temptations whatsoever.

Sir *Har.* A Woman's obstinacy is no novelty; but where's the difference 'twixt a Mistress and a Wife. Only a Mistress has a much better Air; you shall appear as gay and fine as any; strut in Brocade, and glitter in your Jewels, 'till you put all virtuous Women out o'countenance.

Mrs. *Lov.* Impudence, Sir *Harry*, is a lewd Woman's Talent, and yet what Creature is there so much dash'd as such an one that happens among virtuous Ladies. If the Passion you profess be real, proceed with Honour, and you may be heard: Not that I speak this to increase your Vanity; Ambition only sways my Inclinations, and you must know; I have a mighty mind to be a Lady.

Sir *Har.* A Lady! why, my Servants shall all call you so; we'll live together like Man and Wife, and I'll be so Constant, and so full of Love, that ev'ry body shall believe we're marry'd.

Mrs. *Lov.* Love and Constancy, Sir *Harry*, will plainly tell ev'ry body we are not marry'd.

Sir *Har.* [*aside*] Have her I must; but how shall I contrive it?—Oh! a lucky Thought seizes me. Some Ladies after they have refus'd prodigious

Settlements, tell 'em but a Secret, and they'll grant you any thing. I'll trump up a delicate Lie to tickle her Curiosity and serve the *Collonel*.——Well, Madam, since you are resolv'd to cross me, I must apply my self to those more kind tho' less agreeable, tho' had you giv'n me but the least Encouragement to have shown my opinion of your Parts as well as Person, I had trusted you with a Story worth your Attention, tho' 'tis a most prodigious Secret.

Mrs. *Lov*. A Secret! Sir *Harry*, positively, I will know it.

Sir *Har*, Then ev'ry body'll know it for a Secret. 'Tis a thing of that dangerous Consequence, Madam, shou'd it e'er be divulg'd, I may have my Throat cut about it; and pray, what security have I either for your Fidelity, or that in return you'll favour my Addresses.

Mrs. *Lov*. 'Tis well known, Sir *Harry*, I can keep a Secret; I have found Ladies cheat at Cards, seen Ladies steal Tea-Spoons, and have never spoke on't; nay more, I once caught a Lady making her Husband a Cuckold, and I never discover'd it.——I'll tell you who it was, my Lady *Elcebeth*.——

Sir. *Har.* Nay, Madam, you have giv'n me prodigious Proofs of your Secrecy, and I'll disclose the Matter. *Collonel Blenheim* having been so intollerably us'd by Lady *Rodomont* is just going to be marry'd to my Lady *Catterwawl*, the rich Widow in the *Mewse*.

Mrs. *Lov*. Indeed!

Sir *Har*. The Lady has regarded him some Years, and her Woman, Mrs. *Squatt*, has often brought him Presents and Messages which he receiv'd but coldly, admiring Lady *Rodomont*; but her ill treatment makes him now resolve gratefully to marry one, who not only will advance his Fortune, but intirely Loves him.

Mrs. *Lov*. Sir *Harry*, you have oblig'd me infinitely, I wou'd'nt but have known this Story for the World.

Sir *Har*. But when shall we be happy in each other?

Mr. *Lov*. I'll give you leave to hope; when I have study'd well, what Virtue is, I'll tell you more; but at present I must leave you, for I have a hundr'd and fifty Holes to mend in a lac'd Head just going to the Wash.

Sir *Har*. Not a Word o'the Secret.

Mrs. *Lov.* [*angrily*] Sir *Harry*, I'm no tattler, depend upon't; 'tis lock'd up in this Breast, safe and secure as lodg'd within your own [*aside*]. I'm ready to burst, 'till I tell it my Lady.

Sir *Har*. So she's brimful of it already.——Now *Exit*, for my Friend to humour the design. [*Exit*.

Enter Lady Rodomont, *and Mrs*. Lovejoy.

L. *Rod*. Prithee, Cozen, what is't you mean by the *Collonel*'s going to be marry'd? You credulous Creatures, that are ignorant of the World, believe all the stuff you hear. Or suppose him going to be marry'd; why do you trouble me with such idle Stories?

Mrs. *Lov*. Nay, Madam, your Ladiship need'n't be discompos'd about the Matter, I only told it you as a piece o'news, and if it be no concern t'you, you may soon forget it.

L. *Rod*. Discompos'd, Creature! Have you had your being in my Family so long not to know nothing under the Sun's considerable enough to discompose me? But 'tis a thing impossible; it's not two Hours since he kneel'd to me, said his sole Happiness depended on my Smiles, with utmost Arguments enforc'd his Passion, faulter'd, look'd pale, and trembl'd as he spoke it: Not that I who have had foreign Princes at my Feet, value the conqu'ring an *English* Collonel; but I that know my Power infallible, drew him by policy to that Confession, to have him, as I wou'd have all Mankind, my Slave.

Mrs. *Lov*. Sir *Harry*, Madam, affirm'd it with that unaffected Air of Truth, enjoyn'd me so strict a Secrecy in the Matter, saying, if't were discover'd his Life might be in danger; that you must pardon me, Madam,

if
I can't help believing it.

L. *Rod*. Cozen, you that have never been beyond *Tunbridge-Wells*, must'nt dispute with me that know the Intreagues of ev'ry Court and Country. Matches an't so easily made up, nor is it probable my slighting him, shou'd make another Lady value him; if it be true, he must have been in League with her some time, and, certainly, I shan't care to be banter'd.——But I'll know that presently;—Where are all my Fellows? prithee, Cozen, bid one of 'em come, hither. [*Exit Mrs*. Lov.

Enter Footman.

Who order'd you, you fat, heavy heel'd Booby; you are two Hours creeping to the Gate? Call another,—

Enter another Footman.

Nor you you Sot, you'll loiter at ev'ry Ale-house you come to.
Send in the *Yorkshire* Footman that's never out o'breath;——

Enter a Third.

This Fellow's an intollerable Fool too; d'you hear Changling, go to *Young Man's* Coffee-house, enquire for *Collonel Blenheim*; if he's not there, run to the *Smyrna, White's, Tom's, Will's, Offendo's*, and the *Gaunt*; tell him I desire to speak with him presently; search the *Park*, the *Play house*, and all the Taverns and Gaming-houses you can think on; for, positively, if you don't find him, I'll immediately turn you off.

Re-enter Mrs. Lovejoy.

Mrs. *Lov*. I hope, Madam, your Ladiship's not displeas'd with me; 'tis my int'rest to oblige in ev'ry thing, where daily I receive such numerous Favours. [*Aside*]. She has the Money, and I must submit, tho' 'tis well known, I'm of a much better Family.

L. *Rod*. Excuse me, dear Cozen, and don't imagine the most finish'd Cavalier cou'd shake my firm Resolves; but when a Fellow's arrogance shall dare to proffer his unwelcome worthless Love, then villainously act the same Part elsewhere; Honour won't let me tamely acquiesce.

Mrs. *Lov.* Madam, Mr. *Nicknack* desires the favour of kissing your Hands.

L. *Rod.* Pray admit him, Cozen, he's rich and personable, very good humour'd, and no Fool: His aspiring at me does indeed show a prodigious stock of Vanity; but 'tis a failing, People o'the best Sense are liable to, and I had rather prove a Man too ambitious than to have no spirit at all.

Enter Nicknack.

Mr. *Nicknack*, I'm so us'd to you of late, methinks your absence gives me some Chagrin; where have you been this tedious long half Hour?

Nick. When we flung up the Cards, Madam, I went to see the two Children that grow together; I wish 'twere your Ladiship's case and mine.

L. *Rod.* We shou'd rejoice to be parted agen.

Nick. But has your Ladiship contemplated prodigiously o'the Matter? For really, Madam, I begin to find my self in more hast than I thought I was.

L. *Rod.* Already, Mr. *Nicknack*, you're too hasty; tho' I have this opinion of you, a Match with you requires less *pro* and *con* than with some others; but I fancy People look so silly when they're going to be marry'd, to see 'em walk demurely up the Church, so sheepishly consenting and asham'd; with shoals of gaping Fools, that crowd about 'em, as if a Marriage were a Miracle; prithee, Mr. *Nicknack*, that I may guess a little at the Matter for a Frollick, let my Footman marry you, and my Cozen together.

Mrs. *Lov.* Mr. *Nicknack*, and I, Madam.

Nick. Mrs. *Lovejoy*, and I, Madam, a very good Jest i'faith.

L. *Rod.* But you must believe, you're really marry'd, or how shall I discover the true Air of it?

Nick. But, Madam, is not believing what one knows to be false, somewhat like a Tradegy Actress; who while she's playing a Queen or Empress, is full as haughty, and thinks her self as great.

L. *Rod.* Oh! a strong faith often deprives People of their Senses.

Nick. Nay, Madam, I have frequently told monstrous Stories, 'till I ha' believ'd 'em my self.

L. *Rod.* We'll step into the next Room, I have a Fellow too that has the best Puritanical Face you ever saw; but the Society o'the Livery has secur'd him from ever being a Saint. [*Exeunt*

SCENE, *Lady* Tossup's.

Enter Lady Tossup, *and Mrs.* Flimsy.

Flim. Madam, the Major desires the Honour of kissing your Ladyship's Hands.

L. Toss. The Major, *Flimsy!* What Major? Major *Bramble*; What business can the Major have with me?

Flim. Perhaps, Madam, he's come to pretend to your Ladyship. I have often caught him rolling his Eyes at your Ladyship, and several times o'late, he has watch'd above an Hour at the Tabernacle Door to see your Ladyship come out.

L. *Toff.* It may be so? but he's old, *Flimsy*.

Flim. He's not quite Fifty, Madam, and they say, He has his Health very well.

L. *Toss.* Nay, he's rich; but, I hear, he makes Love to Lady *Rodomont*; if he slights her for me, I shall receive him more candidly to be reveng'd on her for affronting me in the *Park*—Pray *Flimsy* introduce him.

Enter Bramble.

A Visit, Major, from a Person of your incessant Negotiations, and refin'd Politicks is a Grace so peculiar, that I want Assurance to receive it, and Capacity to acknowledge it.

Bram. 'Tis for my Improvement, Madam, to address a Lady whose superiour Talents so much excel those Politicks, her condescending Goodness pleases to commend in me. The great Monarch o'*France* thinks it his int'rest on ev'ry nice point o'State to visit the greater Madam *Maintenon*.

L. *Toss.* [*aside*] Nay, I always read the Votes, and can tell what *nemine contradicente* means. I vow the Major's Oratory is extravagantly well dress'd! I wonder, Sir, your transcending Abilities are not more taken notice of at Court! Methinks you shou'd be sent Ambassadour Extraordinary to some magnanimous Prince in *Terra Incognita*; for I'm certain, you must understand more Languages than were ever heard of.

Bram. Int'rest, Madam, as much depresses true Merit, as a flutt'ring Assurance over pow'rs real Beauty, otherwise my Intellects might shine as much above modern Statesmen as your Ladyship's Person wou'd out sparkle Lady *Rodomont*'s.

L. *Toss.* D'you really think, Major, my Personage more complete than my Lady's?

Bram. Madam, there's no more comparison between Lady *Rodomont* and your Ladyship, than between a dazling Dutchess and a *Wapping* Head-dresser: If the surprizing Sight, and continual Idea of your Ladyship had not discompos'd my Thoughts and confounded my Politicks, the Confederates had never taken *Lisle*.

L. *Toss.* Indeed, Major, I'm very sorry for it truly [*aside*]. D'you hear, *Flimsy*, you will have me lay it on so thick; but I hope 'twill be retaken agen.

Bram. Is your Ladyship disaffected, then, to the Government?

L. *Toss.* The most of any body, for I have been three times at Court, and they have brought me no Chocolate.

Bram. 'Twas a prodigious Affront; and if you'll believe me, Madam, I'm disaffected to ev'ry kind o'thing but your Ladyship.

L. *Toss.* What if we adjourn into the Drawing-Room Major? We'll sit upon the Squabb, drink Whistlejacket, and abuse all Mankind.

Bram. Nature, Madam, has sufficiently expos'd all Mankind, in forming your Ladyship so far beyond 'em. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE *Changes to Lady* Rodomonts.

Enter Lady Rodomont, *and the* Collonel.

L. *Rod. Collonel*, I sent for you to wish you Joy, I hear you're to be marry'd.

Coll. [*aside.*] It works I find; Sir *Harry*'s Thought was admirable— Yes, Madam, your Ladyship made such fine Encomiums on Matrimony, with so much Rhetorick, and force of Reason, that you have persuaded me into that comfortable State.

La. *Rod.* I persuade you, did I use any Arguments to persuade you to't. [*Aside.*] How he tortures me; but I'll be calm—Have I seen the Lady, *Collonel*; did she ever appear in Company; pray how is she built.

Col. Built as other Women are, Madam; she has her Gun-Room, her Steerage, her Fore-Castle, her Quarter-Deck, her Great-Cabbin, and her Poop; as for her good Qualities, few Women care to hear each other prais'd; but I'll tell you what Imperfections she has not: She is no proud conceited haughty Dame, that tow'rs over Mankind with an Estate; no vain Coquet, that loves a Croud of Followers, invites and smiles, that drills 'em to admire her; then basely, like a false dissembling *Crocodile*, prevaricates, and jilts their well-meant Passion.

La. *Rod.* Hum!

Col. She's rich and beautiful, yet humble too, thinks herself not the *Phoenix* o' the Age, nor seems surpriz'd, or mortify'd, to find Ladies a multitude that far excel her.

La. *Rod.* Very well.

Col. In short, She has Sense to know a Gentleman that offers Love sincere, whose Character maintains his just Pretensions, ought to be treated with the like Regard; and that a faithful and a tender Husband sufficiently repays the Dross of Fortune.

La. *Rod*..[*Aside*.] He has drawn me to the Life, but I'll return it— Such humble things make admirable Wives, and Women when they marry hectoring Blades, must buy their Peace with wond'rous Condescension, but when a Lady's unexception'd Graces, artless, immaculate, and universal, impow'r her to select thro' ev'ry Clime; nay, when she grasps the fickle Pow'r of Fortune, and is to raise the Man she stoops to wed, Lovers must sue on more submissive Terms; no Task's too hard when Heav'n's the Reward. I have a Lover too, no blust'ring Red-Coat, that thinks at the first Onset he must plunder, bullies his Mistresses, and beats his Men; but when two Armies meet in Line of Battle, your finest *Collonels* often prove the coolest.

Col. Hah!

La. *Rod.* No Libertine, who infamously vile, burlesques the happiest Order of Mankind; yet when some Hit shall probably present, can play the

Courtier, to promote his Int'rest, and fondly press what his Soul starts to think on.

Col. [*Aside*.] The Woman speaks truth, by *Jupiter*.

La. *Rod.* In short, he's humble too, so very humble, he's shockt, and startles at his high-plac'd Love: He has Wit and Breeding, Virtue, Birth and Fortune, and yet no spark of Pride appears throughout him, but when I kindle it with my Commands; nor does he serve, as 'tis his Duty only, but smiles, prepares, is eager for my Orders, and flies to the Obedience I require.

Col. Take him, take him. Madam, you have found the only Man to fit your purpose—I wou'dn't bate one Inch of my Prerogative for ne'er a mony'd Petticoat in *Europe*.

La. *Rod. Collonel*, these flirting Humours misbecome you, and lighten not, but aggravate your Baseness. A Thing how much abhorr'd must he appear, who villanously shall attempt, a Lady, propose, and solemnly pursue a Conquest, when he, long since, by strictest Oaths and Promises, has vow'd, been sworn and plighted to another.

Col. You but surmise, as yet I've made no Contract; you were the only Idol of my Soul, nor did I harbour the least Thought of others, 'till your Pride us'd me with such poor Contempt, 'twas not sufficient to reject my service, but you must bring a Fop to mock my Passion, as if I had been an Animal for sport.

La. *Rod.* Suppose it true; [*Aside*.] my Pride wou'd fain suppose it—suppose I us'd you ill too, nay derided you, cou'd you not bear a Flirt from one you lov'd; had you conceiv'd a bright and lasting Flame, and not a Vapour, flashing and extinguish'd, you'd ha' born ten times more. Were I a Man, that knew my strength of Reason, had Sense to ruminate on Women's Frailties, I'd laugh at all their Spleen, despise their Vapours, and since a certain Blessing's the Reward, receive their Humours with unmov'd Philosophy; but to fly off e'er you had well propounded, to leave your Mistress 'cause she try'd your Courage, was pusillanimous, and few'll suppose Valour in Arms breeds Cowardice in Love.

Col. [*Aside*.] She has struck me dumb, and I'm her Fool again, must tell her all, and supplicate her pardon, resign my self entirely to her Will, and trust to her to use me as she pleases——Madam——. [*Fault'ring*.

La. *Rod. Collonel!*

Enter Sir Harry.

Sir *Har.* Ha, ha, ha, I never knew a Scene more nicely acted; to see two Lovers pet, and thwart, and wrangle, when they are just expiring for each other.

La. *Rod.* [*Aside*.] Has he observ'd us too; how I'm confus'd?

Sir *Har.* But come, come, you have brought the Play to a conclusion; an Audience wou'd be tir'd to hear more on't.

Col. Why, really, Madam, after all, you have so pretty, so winning an Air, that o' my Conscience, I think, I cou'd marry you.

La. *Rod.* And, really, *Collonel*, you have so silly, so sneaking an Air, that o' my Conscience, you'll make an excellent Husband; but I'm afraid, *Collonel*, you are so tainted with *French* Principles, having forag'd in that Country, you'll be for Tyranny, and arbitrary Government.

Col. And I'm afraid, Madam, you're so obstinate in *English* Principles, you'll submit to no Government at all—but the Age has adjusted that matter, for marry'd People now-a-days are the quietest, best natur'd Creatures, and live together like Brother and Sister.

La. *Rod.* Nay, of marry'd Folks, a Soldier's Wife is the happiest, for half the Year you're in *Flanders*, and one an't plagu'd with you.

Col. And t'other half we are busie in raising Recruits, and don't much disturb you.

La. *Rod.* Positively, *Collonel*, I'll not have abundance of Children.

Col. As few as you please, Madam.

La. *Rod.* For to be mew'd up in a Nursery, with six dirty Boys, those diminutive Apes, of the Father's dull Species.

Col. And as many trolloping Girls, that are the greatest Drugs in Nature—Well, Madam, since we're come to talk of Procreation, it must be a Match; and tho' I courted you in a careless way, to please your Humour, know now, I do love thee beyond measure; thou shalt have Progeny innumerable; we'll walk to Church with our good Deeds after us; and let 'em be dull or homely, as we must suppose 'em, when they are lawfully begot, there is a Pleasure, a Tenderness in nursing Children, which none but Mothers know.

Sir *Har.* Why isn't this better now than fretting and fuming at one another; People shou'd marry first, and quarrel afterwards. Oh! here comes pretty Mrs. *Lovejoy*, and some more of the good Family.

Enter Nicknack, *and Mrs.* Lovejoy.

Nick. Well, Madam, how does your Ladyship like the Air o' Matrimony.

La. *Rod.* Extremely well, Mr. *Nicknack*, methinks my Cousin and you make a most suitable, agreeable Couple, 'tis pity but you were marry'd in earnest.

Mrs. *Lov.* In earnest, Madam! pray what have we been doing all this while.

Nick. Doing, *Precious*, does the chatt'ring over a few Words by her Ladyship's spruce Footman, in his fine Head o' Hair signify any thing; don't let your Faith intoxicate you neither.

Mrs. *Lov.* No, *Precious*, but the chattering over a few Words by a spruce Parson, in his fine Head o' Hair, which I took care to provide, and put into her Ladyship's Livery, does signifie somewhat.

Nick. Ha!

La. *Rod.* What Cousin, have you depriv'd me of my Lover?

Mrs. *Lov.* I knew your Ladyship had a much superiour Aim, but my Ambition soars no higher than being an honest Citizen's Wife.

Nick. Don't it so, Mrs. *Ambush*? Methinks you ha' soar'd prodigiously in that; do you imagine the Ladies of *Billiter-Lane*, St. *Mary-Ax*, and *French-Ordinary-Court* will think you their equal.

La. *Rod.* I must tell you, Mr. *Nicknack*, you have marry'd a Gentlewoman, whose Education equals the best; her Wit and Breeding will refine your City.

Nick. Will her Wit and Breeding new furnish my House, or buy a Thousand Pound Stock in the *Hollow-Blade-Company*. [*To Mrs.* Lov.] Well, Madam, since you have plaid me a t'other end o'the Town Trick, I shall prove a t'other end o'the Town Husband, and have nothing to say to you when I can get any body else.

Mrs. *Lov.* I then, Sir, shall prove a t'other end o'the Town Wife, and find a great many Persons that shall have a great deal to say to me.

Sir *Har.* [*Aside to Mrs.* Lov.] Have you kept the Secret, Madam?

Mrs. *Lov.* No, Sir *Harry*, But you'll be oblig'd to me to keep another Secret, that you endeavour'd to debauch me.

Sir *Har.* You gave me such Hopes, Madam, that you'll keep that for your own Reputation. [*To* Nick.] Your pardon, Sir, for whispering your Lady.

Nick. Sir, I have more Manners than to be jealous, especially of what I don't care two pinches of Snuff for.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, *Major Bramble*, and his Lady.

La. *Rod. Major Bramble*, and his Lady!

Sir *Har.* Oh! my Lady *Toss-up*, Madam, has marry'd the *Major*; I met 'em coming from *Covent-Garden-Church*, with Five hundred Boys after 'em.

Enter Bramble, *and Lady* Toss-up.

Bram. Hearing, Madam, your Ladyship had almost engag'd your self, I was resolv'd to lay aside all Animosities, and let you know, I have taken to Wife the most incomparable Lady *Toss-up*.

La. *Toss.* And that your Ladyship might not engross the whole Sex, I receiv'd the *Major*, to let you know I have room for one Lover.

La. *Rod.* I never knew a more surprizing Couple, such a Conjunction's Policy indeed; State-Matches never have regard to Faces. [*Noise without.*] Bring 'em along, bring 'em along.

Enter Constable, *and others, with* Totty, Shrimp, *and* Knapsack.

Col. What means this Intrusion?

Con. Is Sir *Harry Sprightly* here?

Sir *Har.* I am he.

Con. An't please your Baronetship, searching some Houses of ill repute, in one of 'em we found these three Gentlemen, [*pointing to* Totty *and* Knapsack.] with three Women; and searching a little further, under a fat Whores Petticoats, we found this little Gentleman, [*Pointing to* Shrimp.] but saying they belong'd to your Honour, we brought 'em hither before we went to the Justice.

Sir *Har*. They do belong to me; here's a Crown for you to drink; pray leave us.

Tot. If you be Sir *Harry Sprightly*, my Grand-Mother will be very angry when she hears how these Fellows ha' daub'd my Cloaths.

Sir *Har*. [*To* Shrimp.] Was that the Place I order'd you to carry the Boy to.

Tot. Boy, the Gentlewoman I ha' been with, did'n't think mee a Boy.

Sir *Har*. What Gentlewoman?

Tot. Why, we ha been at the Tavern, where we drunk pure Sack, and saw Madam *Betty*, the Orange-Lady; and afterwards we went to fine Madam *Over-done*'s stately Lodgings in *Vinegar-Yard*, where we ha' been as merry as my Grand-Mother, when she gets drunk with *Plague-Water*. [*Feels his Pockets*.] Ah Lard! Mr. *Shrimp*, where's my Hundred Pound Bill?

Sir *Har*. The Lady you ha' been with, I guess, has pickt your Pocket, and these Fellows are to share it with her.

Tot. She pick my Pocket! why she had a Furbelow-Scarf on.

Sir *Har*. Come, come, I'll reimburse you, and send you back into the Country; you are not sharp enough for the Profession design'd you; where you may boast among your ignorant Acquaintance, that you have a perfect Knowledge o' the Town, for you have met with two very great Rogues, got drunk at a Tavern, been at a common Brothel, and have had your Pocket pickt of a Hundred Pounds. [*To* Knapsack.] For you, Friend, the *Collonel* will take care of you; [*To* Shrimp.] and for you, Rascal——

Bram. I profess, Sir *Harry*, a Couple of promising Youths; a Boy shou'd n't be trusted with so much Money; these Persons have seen the World, and know how to employ it——Gentlemen, if your Masters discard you, I'll entertain you. [*Aside*.] I find by their Phis'nomies they'll be rising Men; and tho' they came sneaking into the World, like other People, and paid a Tax for their Births, they'll go out of it a more sublime way, and cheat the Church of their Burials.

Col. Punish'd they shall be, but 'tis now unseasonable; this Day I'd wish an universal *Jubilee*——What say you to a Dance, good People, my Lady's Servants are all musical.

A DANCE.

Col. *The Wav'ring Nymph, with Pride and Envy sir'd,*
Ranges the World, to be by all admir'd;
Thro' distant Courts, and Climes, she bears her way,
And like the Sun, wou'd course 'em in a Day;
At length Fatigu'd, she finds those Trifles vain,

Meer empty Joys, repeated o'er again:
But when by Nature urg'd, weak Fancy fails,
And Reason dictating, sound Sense prevails;
Wisely she takes the Lover to her Arms,
And owns her self subdu'd by Love's more potent Charms.

The EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. *Bradshaw*.

Poets of late so scurrilous are grown,
Instead of Courting, they abuse the Town:
And when an Epilogue *entirely pleases,*
In thundering Jests, it takes the House to pieces;
The Pit *smiles when the* Gallery_'s misus'd,
The_ Gallery *sniggers when the* Pit_'s abus'd_;
Side-Boxes *wou'd with Ladies Foibles play, }*
But they themselves stand Buff to all we say, }
For nothing strikes them Dead, but—Please to pay: }
The Upper Regions *angry if pass'd by;*
But when some wond'rous Joke *shall thither fly.*
Faith, *Jack*, here's Sense and Learning in this Play,
We'll make our Ladies come the *Poet's* Day.
This Author wou'd by gentler Means persuade you,
And rather sooth your Follies than degrade you.
Parties may rail, and bully Courtiers Graces,
But fawning, well-tim'd Ballads, shou'd get Poets *Places.*
Your Absence lately, how we all have mourn'd;
Some pray'd, some fasted too, till you return'd:
But now those melancholly Days retire,
And eager Wit restrain'd, darts fiercer Fire:
Favours unlimited we hope you'll grant us,
And not let dear-bought Foreigners *supplant us.*
This PLAY, *our Author hopes, may please the Town, }*

Not that He claims a Merit of his own, }
But half our_ Comick Bards *are dead and gone.* }
Things scarce attainable more nice appear;
Coffee *was scarce a Treat, till very dear.*
To raise his Genius, with some pains he strove,
As we in Acting shou'd each Day improve.
But as Whims only seem to please this Age, }
If Wit and Humour won't your Hearts engage, }
We'll have a Moving-Picture on the Stage. }

F I N I S.

(final leaf, recto)

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Publications for the fifth year [1950-1951]

(*At least six items, most of them from the following list, will be reprinted.*)

FRANCES REYNOLDS. (?) *An Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Taste, and of the Origin of Our Ideas of Beauty, &c.* (1785). Introduction by James L. Clifford.

THOMAS BAKER. *The Fine Lady's Airs* (1709). Introduction by John Harington Smith.

DANIEL DEFOE. *Vindication of the Press* (1718). Introduction by Otho Clinton Williams.

JOHN EVELYN. *An Apologie for the Royal Party* (1659). *A Panegyric to Charles the Second* (1661). Introduction by Geoffrey Keynes.

CHARLES MACKLIN. *Man of the World* (1781). Introduction by Dougald MacMillan.

Prefaces to Fiction. Selected and with an Introduction by Benjamin Boyce.

THOMAS SPRAT. *Poems.*

SIR WILLIAM PETTY. *The Advice of W.P. to Mr. Samuel Hartlib for the Advancement of some particular Parts of Learning* (1648).

THOMAS GRAY. *An Elegy Wrote in a Country Church Yard* (1751). (Facsimile of first edition and of portions of Gray's manuscripts of the poem.)

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE AUGUSTAN REPRINT SOCIETY

First Year (1946-1947)

1. Richard Blackmore's *Essay upon Wit* (1716), and Addison's *Freeholder* No. 45 (1716).

2. Samuel Cobb's *Of Poetry* and *Discourse on Criticism* (1707).

3. *Letter to A.H. Esq.; concerning the Stage* (1698), and Richard Willis' *Occasional Paper No. IX* (1698). (OUT OF PRINT)

4. *Essay on Wit* (1748), together with Characters by Flecknoe, and Joseph Warton's *Adventurer* Nos. 127 and 133. (OUT OF PRINT)

5. Samuel Wesley's *Epistle to a Friend Concerning Poetry* (1700) and *Essay on Heroic Poetry* (1693).

6. *Representation of the Impiety and Immorality of the Stage* (1704) and *Some Thoughts Concerning the Stage* (1704).

Second Year (1947-1948)

7. John Gay's *The Present State of Wit* (1711); and a section on Wit from *The English Theophrastus* (1702).

8. Rapin's *De Carmine Pastorali*, translated by Creech (1684).

9. T. Hanmer's (?) *Some Remarks on the Tragedy of Hamlet* (1736).

10. Corbyn Morris' *Essay towards Fixing the True Standards of Wit, etc.* (1744).

11. Thomas Purney's *Discourse on the Pastoral* (1717).

12. Essays on the Stage, selected, with an Introduction by Joseph Wood Krutch.

Third Year (1948-1949)

13. Sir John Falstaff (pseud.), *The Theatre* (1720).

14. Edward Moore's *The Gamester* (1753).

15. John Oldmixon's *Reflections on Dr. Swift's Letter to Harley* (1712); and Arthur Mainwaring's *The British Academy* (1712).

16. Nevil Payne's *Fatal Jealousy* (1673).

17. Nicholas Rowe's *Some Account of the Life of Mr. William Shakespear* (1709).

18. Aaron Hill's Preface to *The Creation*; and Thomas Brereton's Preface to *Esther*.

Fourth Year (1949-1950)

19. Susanna Centlivre's *The Busie Body* (1709).

20. Lewis Theobald's *Preface to The Works of Shakespeare* (1734).

21. *Critical Remarks on Sir Charles Gradison, Clarissa, and Pamela* (1754).

22. Samuel Johnson's *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749) and Two *Rambler* papers (1750).

23. John Dryden's *His Majesties Declaration Defended* (1681).

24. Pierre Nicole's *An Essay on True and Apparent Beauty in Which from Settled Principles is Rendered the Grounds for Choosing and Rejecting Epigrams*, translated by J.V. Cunningham.